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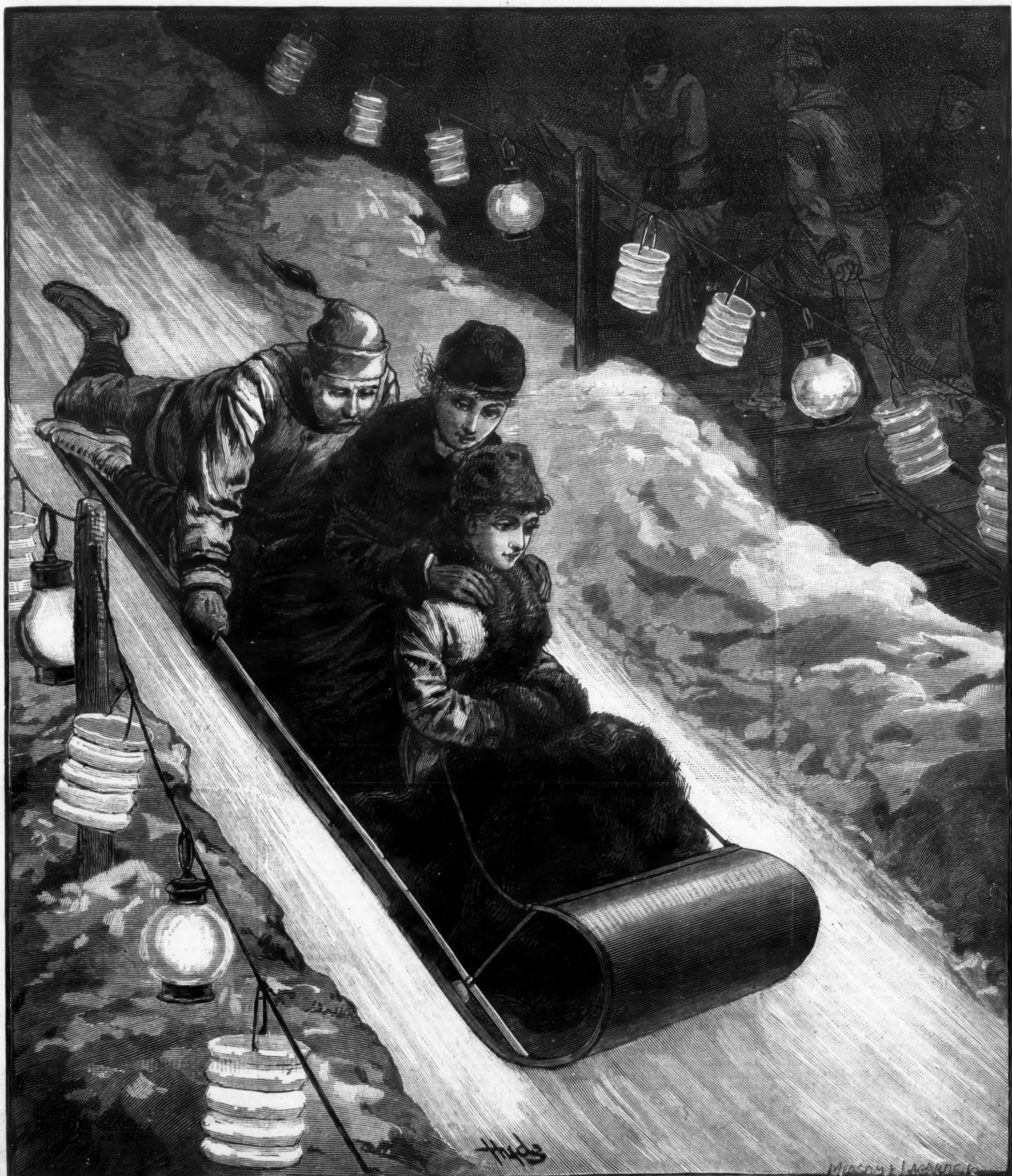
# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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CANADA.—THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL—TOBOGGANING ON THE NEW HILLS WEST OF THE MONTREAL COLLEGE.  
SEE PAGE 395.

A MID-WINTER Number of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, Containing 24 Pages, will be issued February 7th.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
65, 66 & 67 PARK PLACE, NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, FEBRUARY 3, 1883.

NEW STORY BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

We shall next week commence the publication, in the columns of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, of a new and powerful serial story from the picturesque and fascinating pen of Mr. Joaquin Miller, entitled—

"49":

THE GOLD-SEEKER OF THE SIERRAS.

This vigorous novel is a masterful and vivid picture of the wondrous days of 1849-50, when the thirst of gold was at fever-heat, and the eyes of the world were turned towards El Dorado. Few writers of the present day can approach Joaquin Miller in poetic description, while his knowledge of the gold regions serves to add the charm of realism to the glamour of romance. We anticipate for "49" a phenomenal success.

THE ELEVENTH AMENDMENT—  
OUGHT STATES TO BE SUED?

IT has been proposed in Congress to take the necessary steps to abolish the Eleventh Amendment to the Constitution, which provides that the judicial power of the United States shall not extend to any suit in law or equity against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of a foreign State. Any State willing to repudiate its debts may take care that it shall not be sued by its own citizens, and while this Amendment stands, it is safe from attack through the Federal Courts. Thus any State which can impose its bonds on a confiding public at home or abroad may leave them unpaid at maturity, and readjust or scale them at its sovereign pleasure, answering all clamor and appeal with Tweed's question to the City of New York, "What are you going to do about it?"

This course has been pursued so boldly of late that the indignant creditors have endeavored to find a flaw in the constitutional armor with which the Eleventh Amendment protected the States. Notwithstanding that Amendment, a State can sue a State. So in certain States it is provided by law that citizens holding the overdue bonds of another State may assign them to their own State, which will sue on them for their benefit. Whether or not this is a mere evasion of the Eleventh Amendment is now to be determined by the Supreme Court, in a case already argued. The proposition to abolish the Amendment seems to infer that the Court will decide that this mode of attack cannot prevail.

The times have changed since 1798 when the Eleventh Amendment was ratified, and the subject of State obligations has reached a magnitude and importance then wholly undreamed of.

In 1793 Chisolm's executors sued the State of Georgia, and it became necessary for the Supreme Court to decide whether a citizen of one State could sue another State. It was justly treated as a great case. Judge Wilson, in opening his opinion, which ranges over the whole field of political history, says, "This is a case of uncommon magnitude. One of the parties to it is a State, certainly respectable, claiming to be sovereign. The question to be determined is, whether this State, so respectable, and whose claim soars so high, is amenable to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States? This question, important in itself, will depend on others more important still, and may, perhaps, be ultimately resolved into one no less radical than this: 'Do the people of the United States form a Nation?'" This is one of the earliest cases decided by the Court, and we can find in it the germs of the great system of constitutional law which has grown from the labors of that tribunal.

The court decided that the State *could* be sued, although Judge Iredell quoted Pufendorf and Blackstone to show that "a subject hath no way to oblige his prince to give him his due when he refuses it, though no wise prince will ever refuse to stand to a lawful contract." The majority of the court bore in mind that princes are not always wise, and that the sovereigns called States might in the future imitate other sovereigns, and refuse to stand to their lawful contracts. But the decision was repugnant to the State Rights notions of those days; and although Chisolm's executors got judgment against Georgia, they were beaten on the execution, for the Eleventh Amendment was ratified before the end was reached, and this suit and all others against States were swept away. In the case of *Hollingsworth vs. Virginia*, de-

clined in February, 1798, the court unanimously held that no jurisdiction could be exercised in any case past or future in which a State was sued by a citizen of another State or by citizens or subjects of any foreign state.

The radical question so guardedly suggested by Judge Wilson—"Do the people of the United States form a Nation?"—has been definitely settled by a tribunal higher than the Supreme Court—by the whole people in a trial by battle; and it is natural that we should inquire whether it is not best to take the old position and provide that a citizen of one State may sue another State. We are not accustomed in these days to surround the corporations we call States with "the divinity that doth hedge a king." We are familiar with railroad and telegraph companies which "bestride the States like a Colossus," whose property and revenues are greater than all of the "Old Thirteen," and whose actual power in the nation exceeds that of many of the States. Yet any man can sue the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for a sprained ankle or the Western Union for a misspelled message, and we find it hard to see why we should be without legal remedy on defaulted State bonds. Anybody can sue the City of New York, a corporation composed of twelve hundred thousand people; why then should we not sue the State of Nevada with a smaller population than Albany? It can only be done by abolishing the Eleventh Amendment. This will open a fine field for lawyers, who will issue their writs with very little of the reverence due to a sovereign.

But, after all, they may have no better luck than Chisolm's executors. If we can judge by the results of the legal efforts to collect the bonds of some of our bankrupt cities, the right to sue a State for a debt will by no means involve the power to collect it. The creditor, having surmounted the barrier of the Constitution, may find himself baffled by invisible political forces, and "beaten on the execution." He must depend at last upon the resources of the State and the character of its people.

"THE GUINEA'S STAMP."

A NEW rage for heraldic emblems has sprung up in New York. Large numbers of the newly rich are looking for their coats-of-arms with a frenzy not exhibited since the shoddy years that followed the close of the Civil War. The family crest is being painted gorgeously on the family carriage-panels, hung on the horses' bridles, engraved on the coachman's multitudinous brass buttons, cut delicately on seal rings, chased perhaps on the silver spoon-holder and the porcelain shaving-cup. Some of the new rich, and some of the old rich, and most of the poor, object to this as being undemocratic, snobbish, un-American and all that, and insist that the rank isn't even the guinea's stamp in such cases, but simply the stamp on counterfeit money that aspires to pass for a guinea.

This position seems to us untenable. Men and women will pass for pretty nearly their true worth whether their servants are in livery and their escutcheon emblazoned on the panels and the buttons or not. Of course, it is understood that a coat-of-arms in this country is not a sign of rank, nor a sign of the value of one's ancestors, but merely a decoration. As a decoration, its use is most commendable and to be encouraged. It can have no other important significance in a land where there is no law giving a monopoly of any peculiar family trade-mark, and in a city where there is a College of Heraldry, equipped with the Doomsday Book and all the peerage and gentry-records of the world, ready to furnish any man with illustrious ancestors for \$20. Here are books of Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Spain, containing 5,000 family names which some time or other have been entitled to a coat-of-arms, and from these all other names can easily be derived. The Smiths have twenty coats-of-arms.

A man whose father brought clams to Fulton Market has grown rich in the oil trade. He owns houses, horses and carriages; his daughters go to France to be educated; his wife puts John, Thomas and James into top-boots and full livery and insets on an escutcheon and family tree. She nags her prosperous husband till he yields and goes to the College of Heraldry. "Name?—Poulitice, my name is; John Poulitice. My mother's name was Mabel Hunch." "Poulitice!" rapturously exclaims the man at the desk—"an old name, a very noble name; originally De Pulitese; came over with William the Norman; Mortimer De Pulitese was a duke under the Plantagenets. Famous old name. First De Pulitese married the daughter of one of the Kings of Wessex. Family tree, with King on one of the branches, \$100 only." De Pulitese takes the tree home with him, sets it out in the front hall, is happy in discovering his splendid lineage. Mrs. P.'s raptures are qualified by the fact that her family—the Luggins family—is not mentioned, but she resolves to trace the Luggins stock back to a king when she has

time, and meanwhile displays the De Pulitese arms as being very pretty indeed. Now, why should not the Poulitices have a crest on the coachman's buttons if they want it, and a genealogical tree in the front hall? They cost little, mean nothing, and form an attractive bit of decoration. Wealth and a desire to display it underlie all noble progress in art.

Nor is the objection to putting servants in livery any better founded than the objection to everybody's having quarterings and heraldic devices. It is absurd to say that a bit of claret cloth and a cockade degrade a good servant, as long as he is free to go and come when he pleases, and has a vote on election day that weighs as much as his employer's. It is no "sign of servitude" as somebody has pretended to discover; it is not even a sign of inferiority. It is only a sign of occupation, and no more indicates servitude than does a butcher's apron or a weaver's hat. And the servants themselves so regard it, else they would not organize in New York an exclusive coachman's club, where the drivers of private carriages associate together, wearing their brilliant livery as the sign of an aristocracy of service. The uniform testimony of ladies is that coachmen and footmen delight to wear livery, feeling that it sets them apart from the ordinary drudges of the street, and not regarding it a badge of degradation in any sense. It is something of a satisfaction to be better dressed than the ordinary citizen.

There is no good reason why servants should not be put in livery by all who can afford it, or why all should not procure a family crest and paint it on their carriages and their crockery. Society will gain by every increase in artistic decoration, and this country is not likely to have too much of it.

A PROFESSIONAL CROAKER.

NO spectacle is more melancholy than that presented by an American scholar, who has lost faith in our system of government, and wrought in himself the conviction that this Republic is rushing with Niagara force to an awful doom! Pitiful, indeed, are the lamentations and wails of such a man, in whose eyes mole-hills are magnified into mountains and incidental and temporary evils into irremediable calamities.

The latest example of this sort is presented by Professor Alexander Winchell, formerly of the University of Michigan, who is permitted to waste sixteen fair pages in the *North American Review* for February in bemoaning "The Experiment of Universal Suffrage," and in predicting the speedy and inevitable ruin of the nation unless that experiment can be somehow arrested. His style is turgid, his reasoning shallow, as befits his conclusion, leaving us to wonder how a man who has received his intellectual training in the atmosphere of free institutions can be so beside himself. In man, as such, he has no faith. The "masses," he insists, are incapable of judging what is best for themselves, and therefore unfit for the task of self-government. They should, for their own sake, consent to disfranchise themselves and be governed by the educated classes, who are always able to see right through the political millstone, and determine with certainty what is best for those below them! What fools were our Revolutionary Fathers in affirming that "Governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed," and what a self-deluded man was grand Abraham Lincoln, who prated, on the battlefield of Gettysburg, of "government of the people, by the people and for the people," as a thing worthy of perpetuation! What a pity that Professor Winchell was not born in time to warn the founders of this Republic that they were building upon the sand, and save their descendants from confiding in such blind guides as Jefferson and Lincoln!

That our Government has not yet fulfilled its ideal—nay, that there are crying and even alarming faults of administration that demand correction, may be unhesitatingly conceded; but should we for that reason shut our eyes to the recuperative and ameliorating forces inherent in that Government, and fall backwards into the slough of despotism from which the Fathers delivered us? One would imagine, in reading Professor Winchell, that the Governments in which the many are ruled by the few, and the "masses" are kept in subjection, are working so satisfactorily as to leave nothing to be desired. There are many such Governments in the world; to which of them will Professor Winchell point as a model? Will it be to England, struggling with rebellious Ireland, and keeping down revolution at home by occasional extensions of the suffrage? Or will he find his example of good government in Spain, Turkey, or Russia? If the pyramid, standing upon its broad foundations, is in danger of falling, can its safety be assured by turning it over upon its apex? Such would seem to be the result of his political philosophy, but we doubt if that philosophy will ever commend itself to more than a small fraction of the American people. We are not yet ready, at the bidding of a professional

croaker, to tear away the foundations of the Republic and rear in their place an aristocracy—not even an aristocracy of learning. The faults of our Government are many and great, but they grow out of human nature, and do not discredit the principles on which that Government rests. The remedy for them is to be sought, not in discarding those principles, but in a closer adherence to them.

The doctrine that men have a right to a voice in the Government which exercises control over their persons and their property, making them "food for powder" at its will, is too firmly imbedded in the convictions of the American people to be uprooted by the Sancho Panzas that happen now and then to issue from our seats of learning, their heads overburdened with knowledge which they have no power to digest and assimilate.

The folly of Professor Winchell reaches its acme in the proposal to establish "a suffrage commission in each precinct or township, under general—preferably national—enactments," which he thinks "would, after the first embarrassments, adjust all suffrage rights"—i. e., say who shall and who shall not vote—"with the same ease and equity as a county board of supervisors acting in questions of equalization and apportionment." The "county supervisors" are chosen by the "masses," who, according to the Professor, are unfit to vote. Who are to choose the members of the "suffrage commission," which is to have power to prevent the "masses" from voting, he does not condescend to inform us, further than to express his preference that it should be done under "national enactments." If in this wide country there can be found an uneducated voter capable of making a sillier or more incoherent proposition than this of Professor Winchell, he will indeed demonstrate his unfitness to be a voter!

ADULTERATION OF TEA.

EVEN tea, it is now claimed, is being adulterated in China, and sent here to be sold at low prices in the auction-room; and the matter has very properly been brought to the consideration of Congress. It is asserted that one fifth of our annual importations of tea, which amount to 80,000,000 pounds, is unfit for use; that since England stopped the importation of this sort of tea much of it has been sent to New York; and that it is eventually sold to the poor, who purchase it from motives of economy, not knowing it to be worthless.

The tea objected to is adulterated with various foreign substances, sometimes decayed. The Chinese merchants, the shrewdest, perhaps, in the world, have the leaves of the willow or any other kind of leaf that will fold well, prepared in a manner well calculated to deceive, and they also use tea-dust and a certain gum to imitate the genuine gunpowder "chop." Old leaf that has already been used is mixed with new, and gypsum and Prussian blue are likewise employed in these "ways that are dark." Prussian blue, of course, is a poison, and its use in this instance is decidedly a serious matter. It is claimed that, besides the harm done to the consumer by these adulterations, they tend to injure an important business, the annual importations of tea amounting to about \$20,000,000.

A Bill has been unanimously approved by the Ways and Means Committee which prohibits the importation of "tea adulterated with spurious leaf or with exhausted leaves, or which contains so great an admixture of chemicals or other deleterious substances as to make it unfit for use," and provides for the examination by the customs officials, and by experts, if necessary, of all tea or merchandise described as tea—none of which shall be released from the warehouse until a certificate of its purity has been furnished by the examiners. If the tea is found to come within the prohibitions of the Act, the importer or consignee must give bond to export it within six months. In case of failure to do this, the collector must cause the tea to be destroyed. The Bill is substantially a copy of an Act passed by the British Parliament in 1876, the effect of which has been, as already intimated, to drive spurious teas out of that market. It is to be hoped that the committee's Bill may be passed with as little delay as possible.

THE KINGDOM OF HAWAII.

THE recent death of the Hawaiian Minister, and the probable action of Congress with regard to the reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, have directed public attention to the condition of what are commonly known as the Sandwich Islands and their probable future. Several interesting problems are offered by the changes which have taken place in the population of Hawaii, as well as in the industrial interests of the kingdom. As regards the population, the facts are significant. Since civilization, with its attendant blessings and miseries, found a footing in the islands, the native population has steadily decreased. In 1832



It numbered 130,513. Each subsequent census has shown a marked decrease, and when the last enumeration was made, in 1878, only 44,088 natives remained. Thus, in less than fifty years, the native population has been reduced by two-thirds.

What are the causes of this destruction of a people? Most writers on the subject have attributed the decrease of population to the bloody wars which formerly were of frequent occurrence, the profligacy of the natives, and the occasional ravages of epidemics. The missionaries have generally maintained that not civilization, but the vices of civilization, must be held responsible for the lessening figures of the census. But these explanations are unsatisfactory. The wars have long since ceased, the diseases which were introduced by civilization have spent their force, yet a permanent and fatal cause of decay evidently remains. That cause is to be found, as Herbert Spencer suggests, in the comparatively sudden change in the conditions by which the natives are surrounded. In fact, the Hawaiians have undergone a greater change in their habits of life, in the course of fifty years, than the English in a thousand years. And, as the same writer has shown, the Hawaiians had lived, until the coming of the missionaries, under uniform conditions, and had acquired, with an approximately perfect fitness for those conditions, a corresponding unfitness for a sudden change of environment and an inability to resist its effects. The sterility which has ensued, and which results in the decrease of population, is precisely like that which plants and animals experience as the result of even a slight change in their mode of living.

That the native population, which has so steadily diminished during the last fifty years, is destined to extinction, seems beyond a doubt. As for the native rule, that cannot be of long duration. The little court of His Majesty King Kalakaua may be the last exhibition not only of monarchical institutions but of native government in Hawaii. But who are to be the future rulers of the islands? Will they be the Chinese, who already outnumber all other foreigners combined? Or will the Chinese combine with the Portuguese, who also are rapidly increasing in numbers? Or will the superior intelligence, wealth, and resources of the Americans, and their present influence in the islands, enable them to hold the supremacy? These are questions which only can be answered in the future, but they will be answered at no distant day. The American interest is the prevailing one at the Hawaiian court, as well as the most influential in other quarters, and under any circumstances it will make itself felt.

The recent changes in the business prospects of the islands have been important, and the rapid development of the sugar interest especially is remarkable. In 1862 the crop was 3,000,000 pounds; in 1879 it was 49,000,000, and in 1881 about 130,000,000 pounds. Laborers have been in great demand, and the influx of Chinese to supply this need has been so great as to occasion serious misgivings as to the probable result. With them have come many shrewd, sagacious business men. The Honolulu directory shows that out of 692 firms and persons engaged in business, 219 are Chinese. There are about 14,000 of that nationality in the kingdom, nine tenths of them adult males, and their situation as compared with those around them, their intermarriages with native women, and their aptitude for every kind of business, suggest social and political questions of great importance.

It is difficult to forecast, with any degree of probability, the future of Hawaii. But it is evident that there are elements at work which, under not improbable conditions in the near future, cannot but be productive of radical changes in the society and government of the kingdom.

#### A MONTH'S DISASTERS.

THE new year has already achieved an unenviable distinction for horrible disasters of every sort. It dawned upon the most serious inundations on the Continent of Europe which the present generation has seen, accompanied by great loss of life and immense destruction of property. Then came the sinking of the steamship *City of Brussels* in the English Channel, with the loss of ten lives, which has since been followed by the drowning of over 400 people through the loss of the *Cimbria* in the North Sea. The frightful holocaust in the Milwaukee hotel, whereby seventy-five persons were killed, was still fresh in the public mind when the cable brought word of the burning of a circus in far-away Russian Island, with a death roll of 268 souls. Again the cable reported a gunpowder explosion at Nuiden, in Holland, with a loss of a dozen lives, and almost the next day came news of a similar explosion at Point Clement, Cal., by which nearly thirty Chinamen were blown to atoms. The same State contributes one of the most appalling railroad disasters on record, in the breaking-away of a train down a steep grade near Tehachapi, ending in a crash which slaughtered thirteen of the helpless passengers. All these horrors were compressed within the brief space of

three weeks, not to mention a score of smaller but yet noteworthy disasters. After such a terrible beginning, only extraordinary immunity from calamity during the rest of the year can preserve 1883 from a bad pre-eminence.

#### ECHOES FROM ABROAD.

FRANCE has not yet recovered from the excitement into which the country was thrown by the pronunciamento of Prince Napoleon, aggravated as it was by the vague reports of a projected Legitimist revival. The past week has been devoted by the Cabinet and Chamber of Deputies to the consideration of proposed measures of punishment for the Prince's offense, and protection for the Republic from other princes in future, but without reaching any satisfactory conclusion. The special committee of eleven, chosen by the bureaux to consider the various Bills submitted, proved to contain a majority in favor of the most extreme action, and adopted a proposition excluding from French territory, Algeria, and the colonies, all members of families which have reigned in France, depriving them of political rights as citizens, declaring them ineligible to any office, and prohibiting them from belonging to the army, offenders to be liable to from one to five years' imprisonment. The Government proposed to vest the President with authority and discretion to expel offenders, but instead of hustling the Orleans princes, who are serving with credit in the army, out of the country post haste, suggested that they be placed on the retired list. Repeated conferences between the Ministry and the Committee having failed to bring about an agreement, on Sunday last the Ministers presented their resignations in a body. The resignations were accepted, and M. Fallières, the resigning Minister of the Interior and of Public Worship, and M. Jules Ferry, who was at the head of the Council which preceded that formed by M. Gambetta, were summoned by President Grévy to advise with him as to the formation of a new Cabinet. The situation is undoubtedly a grave one, but there is some ground for hope that the Republic will suffer no violence. It is certain that there is no real occasion for the existing excitement, and, with judicious action on the part of the Government, the crisis may be safely passed.

The Mallow election has proved a "facer" to Mr. Gladstone's Administration. Mallow was regarded not only as "safe" but iron-clad. So confident was the Government of its strength in the borough that Attorney-general Johnson was "benched" and a Castle representative sent down to secure the seat. Against this representative the Parnellite party arrayed themselves, and were, of course, laughed at by the Castle. Lord Spencer laughing most loudly of all. The Government money and the Government influence was brought to bear. The Master of the Rolls, Sir Edward Sullivan, Bart., a Mallow man, and who used the Parliamentary representative of the borough to raise himself to his present position, sent down his son to aid the Castle candidate. It was all in vain. The result of the election has given the authorities a rebuff from which they cannot expect speedily to recover, since the return of Mr. O'Brien, the editor of *United Ireland*, shows that even constituencies hitherto considered loyal are drifting into sympathy with the opposition.

Further arrests have been made at Dublin of persons charged with complicity in the conspiracy to murder officials, and a number of the prisoners are anxious to turn informers. The police also hope to capture all the members of the organization which has perpetrated so many outrages in the West of Ireland during the past two years. Messrs. Davitt, Healy and Quinn, who were charged with making seditious speeches, have refused to give bail, and will consequently go to jail; one report indicates that they may be sentenced to solitary confinement at hard labor.

The Porte has sent a circular note to the Powers, complaining that the proposed English policy in Egypt is at variance with Turkey's rights over the country, but the Sultan is not likely to get much sympathy. Germany having already advised him to accept the English proposals, as they are in the interest of Turkey itself. Indeed, it is said that the cabinets of Vienna, Berlin, Rome and St. Petersburg have already accepted the English proposals. Fresh evidence of the friendly relations between Russia and Austria has been afforded by a visit of M. de Gières, the Russian Foreign Minister to Vienna, where he has been received with all the honors by the Emperor.—The Crown Prince and Princess of Germany celebrated their silver wedding, January 25th, receiving many visits of congratulation, over 3,000 congratulatory letters and telegrams, and no end of rich presents.

THE "blizzard" which swept over the Northwest last week was attended by results of the most serious character. From Chicago to the Mississippi the temperature fell to 25 degrees below zero; in all directions, owing to the heavy fall of snow and the intense cold, railway communication was interrupted, trains in many instances being abandoned in impassable snow-drifts, causing the greatest inconvenience and suffering among passengers, while on freight trains hundreds of cattle and hogs were frozen to death. In the Chicago stockyards, the sufferings of cattle and sheep were intense, and the losses to dealers will be very heavy. The train hands on the roads which endeavored to keep up their traffic report that their sufferings were for a day or two "absolutely terrible." Beyond the Mississippi, as far west as Wyoming, the cold was even more intense than in the Chicago region, the mercury ranging from zero to 35 degrees below, but fortunately the "snap" was of brief duration, while the fall of snow was light, so

that the winter-cured grass on which cattle and sheep feed while roaming the plains was not covered, and losses to stock-raisers have been small. Thirty millions of dollars being invested in Wyoming alone in cattle, sheep and horses, which live out of doors all the year round, a heavy snow-storm accompanying the intense cold would have occasioned very serious loss.

THE State of Delaware decides not to abandon the whipping-post. The upper branch of the Legislature passed a Bill to abolish the whipping of persons convicted of murder in the second degree, but the House rejected it by a vote of ten to eight, and "the peculiar institution" will therefore remain. Foreign critics will rejoice that a favorite text for periodical homilies on the "downward tendencies of American civilization" is still spared to them.

THE politicians are beginning to appreciate the fact that Civil Service Reform is popular with the people. The passage of the Pendleton Bill by Congress has already been followed by the introduction of measures, patterned after that model and adapted to the requirements of State Governments, in both the New York and Pennsylvania Legislatures. The spoilsmen hope to defeat the movement in each case, but their opposition will only strengthen the popular demand for reform, which will have to be met, sooner or later.

THE first step towards the system of underground telegraph wires has been taken by the Western Union Company, which is to try the experiment in New York city by laying a tube to contain two hundred wires from the main office in lower Broadway to Twenty-third Street. If it proves a success, as the experiment abroad leaves little doubt will be the case, the system will be applied throughout the metropolis, and doubtless in all other large cities. The unsightly poles, with their immense network of wires, long since became an eyesore, and of late their multiplication has made them a source of actual danger to the community, as was shown at the Milwaukee fire, when they interfered seriously with the efforts of the firemen to save lives. Aestheticism and utilitarianism combine to demand the sinking of the wires beneath the surface.

THE five hundred employés of a Newark (New Jersey) firm which does a large business in the manufacture of fertilizers were pleasantly surprised the other day by the distribution among them of sums of money, ranging from \$1,000 for the three most responsible persons to \$7 for the lowest grade of laborers. The money represented a certain percentage of the earnings during 1882, which the firm decided a year ago to divide among their hands annually thereafter, according to the skill and value of their labor. Alfred and Edwin Lister, who compose this firm, are canny Scotchmen, and they adopt this system from motives of business quite as much as from philanthropic impulses, believing that their employés will do enough better work to make up for the sum required if they know that they are virtually sharers in the profits of the manufacture. The only wonder is that more of our shrewd business men do not appreciate the wisdom of such a policy.

Now that the Chinese question is disposed of, the "alickens" controversy is the great issue in California. "Slickens" is the name given the debris from the hydraulic mines, which has always been allowed to run into the streams, until now the rich bottom land all along the river in large valleys is covered with a deposit of mud and gravel, which absolutely destroys the value of the soil. The evil, growing year by year, at last reached such immense proportions that large portions of the richest agricultural sections in the State were threatened with ruin, and the farmers had to combine for self-protection. Some months ago they secured an injunction from the courts against the working of all hydraulic mines which run their debris into important streams, and now they have scored another victory by securing the election of one of their number, who is a strong anti-"alickens" man, as Speaker of the Assembly. It is hard on the miners, but as the agricultural interests of California far outweigh the mineral in importance, the success of the farmers affords ground for congratulation.

AN important decision has recently been announced by the Secretary of the Interior in reference to the rights of settlers on lands within the limits of railroad grants, where settlements have been made after the withdrawal of the lands and before the date of definite location of the line of road. Hitherto it has been held that the rights of settlers ceased after the withdrawal of the lands from the market; but Secretary Teller reverses this ruling, and decides that the rights of settlers, pre-emptors and homesteaders, who settled on land granted to railways between the date of such grant and the time the lines of the road were definitely and permanently located, are valid and must be respected. This decision will deprive the land-grant roads of thousands of acres of valuable land, which will now be open to settlement and entry under the homestead and pre-emption laws of the United States. Secretary Teller has also decided that the inclosure of large tracts of public lands by barbed wire fences or otherwise, by herders or stockmen—a practice which has been carried on extensively in Wyoming and other Territories—may be enjoined or abated as a nuisance, if it becomes detrimental to public interest to the extent of preventing settlement, or interrupting the avenues of commerce, or interfering with mail transportation, the use of highways, etc.

#### NEWS OF THE WEEK.

##### Domestic.

THE expenses of the Government for the current fiscal year will exceed the appropriations by \$1,504,000.

UNITED STATES SENATOR McPHERSON, of New Jersey, has been re-elected for the full term of six years.

FIVE members of the Sophomore Class of Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, Maine, have been suspended for hazing.

THE Senate Committee on Agriculture has reported favorably the Bill to encourage the holding of an international cotton exposition in 1884.

THERE has been as yet no election of United States Senators in Michigan, Minnesota or Nebraska. In Colorado, Hon. T. M. Bowen has been nominated for the long term.

THE Attorney-general is about to bring suit against the Union Pacific Railroad Company to recover about \$1,000,000, said to be due on account of percentages of net earnings.

A CONSTITUTIONAL Amendment has been proposed in the Connecticut Legislature, providing for biennial sessions and the election of members of the Legislature for two years.

THERE were 289 failures in the United States during the past week, 28 less than the preceding week, 84 more than the corresponding week in 1882, and 128 more than the same week in 1881.

THE Ocean Steamship Company, plying between New York and Savannah, has placed on the line the new *Nacoochee*, the eighth steamer lately built for them. She is American-built, and complete and superior in all appointments.

THERE are apprehensions that an extra session of Congress may be made necessary by the failure of the present House to act upon the Tariff and other questions. The Republicans of both Houses, however, seem at length disposed to pass a Bill of some sort.

THE Princess Louise sailed from Charleston, S. C., for Bermuda last week, and the Marquis of Lorne then started for Ottawa, stopping over several days at Washington, where he was entertained at dinner by the President and other distinguished men.

BERNARD DORAN, who had attained the great age of one hundred and ten years, died in New York city last week. He was active, performing the duties of janitor to a public building up to the day of his death. He never drank a drop of liquor and never used tobacco in any form.

A WOMAN-SUFFRAGE Amendment to the Constitution is to be submitted to the people of Oregon this year, and the friends of the reform are about to inaugurate an active campaign. The Massachusetts Legislative Committee on Woman Suffrage has also decided to report a Bill in favor of municipal suffrage for women.

IN the Star Route trial at Washington some damaging testimony has been produced as to ex-Senator Dorsey's complicity in the frauds. Dickson, the foreman of the jury on the first trial of the case, has been indicted. It is said that Dorsey and Brady have already expended \$75,000 each in defending the suits against them.

THE annual convention of the National Association for the Protection of the Insane was held in Philadelphia last week, with a large attendance. A number of papers were read in reference to the defective features of the present system of treating the insane, and the necessity of new safeguards to the sane as well as to the lunatic.

AT the inquest on the Newhall House (Milwaukee) disaster, last week, the night clerk testified that he had twenty-five minutes' time between the discovery of the fire and the time when he knew that the hotel was doomed; that he could have run through every hall in the hotel and alarmed every guest in that length of time, but that he had to attend to office duties—saving papers and valuables.

SECRETARY FOLGER has notified Congress that additional vault-room must be provided at once for storing silver or the coins of the standard silver dollar; must be discontinued. Since the coins of these dollars began eight new vaults have been built at New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and San Francisco. These vaults are now filled, while, under the law, the coins must go on at the rate of \$2,000,000 a month.

FORTY-THREE bodies of the victims of the Milwaukee fire were interred with impressive funeral ceremonies on January 25th. The service of the Roman Catholic Church was celebrated over twenty of the dead, and that of the Protestant Church over the remaining twenty-three. The burning of a steam-pipe at the Exposition Building during the service created a panic, but no one was injured. The funeral procession was more than two miles long.

THE Naval Appropriation Bill, passed by the House of Representatives last week, provides for the completion of one double-turreted monitor, and for the construction of a steel cruiser of not less than 4,300 tons displacement, two steel cruisers of not more than 3,000, nor less than 2,500 tons displacement, and one dispatch boat, and instructs the Secretary of the Navy to invite proposals from all American ship builders for the construction of the same. The Bill also provides for the gradual abolition of the pay corps of the navy; requires that all vacancies in the line or staff shall be filled by promotion; abolishes the grade of commodore; and authorizes the President to select a board to decide which of the Government navy-yards or arsenals is best adapted for the establishment of a foundry for the manufacture of ordnance.

##### Foreign.

M. DUCLERC, the French Premier, is seriously ill.

THE State of Chiapas, Mexico, is still suffering from the ravages of cholera, which has swept off a sixth part of the population in some sections.

A SETTLEMENT of the troubles between the land-owners and the crofters at Glendale, Isle of Skye, is expected, as arbitration has been decided upon.

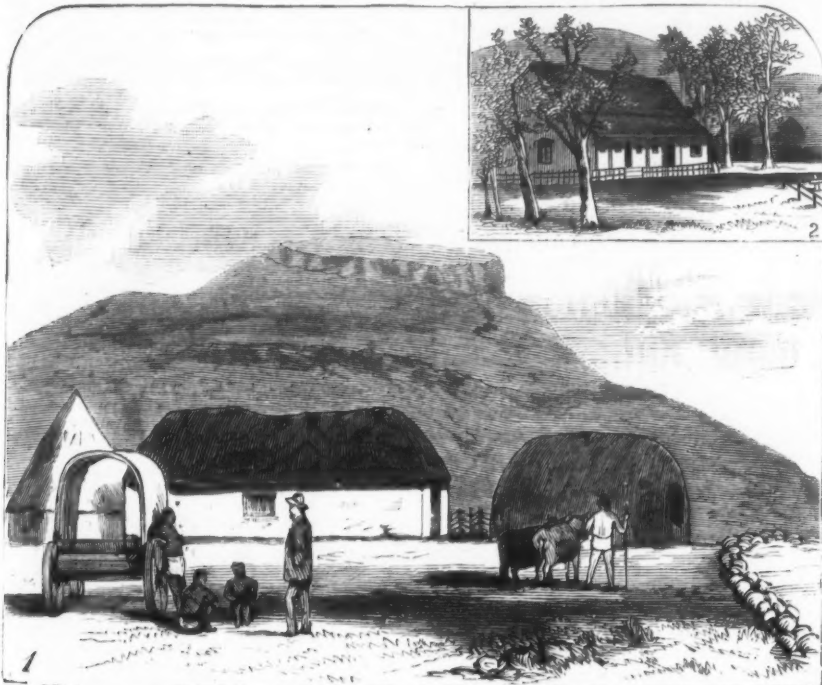
FORTY-TWO thousand marks have been received in Berlin from New York brewers, in aid of the sufferers by the floods. Many other contributions have been sent from this country.

THE National Assembly of Guatemala has refused to accept the resignation of President Barrios, recently tendered, and has passed unanimously the boundary treaty with Mexico negotiated by him.

IN a recent speech, at Leeds, Right Hon. William E. Forster said he believed there was only one direction in which they could hope to settle the Irish question, and that was by making Ireland one country with England and Scotland. He further said that the only way to meet home rule and dissolution of the Union was by treating the Irish people as they would treat themselves. The extension of the household suffrage to Ireland, however, must depend upon the state of that country at the time a new Reform Bill is introduced.



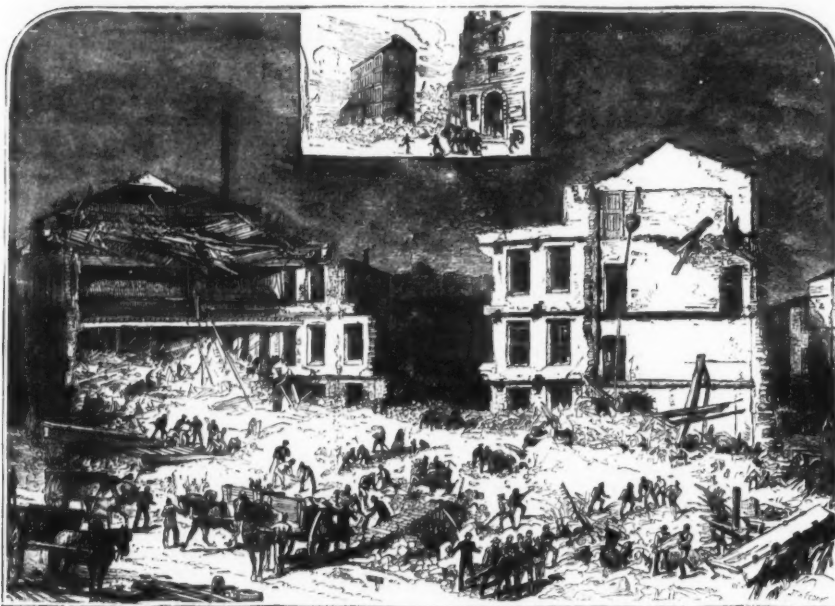
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated Foreign Press.—SEE PAGE 391.



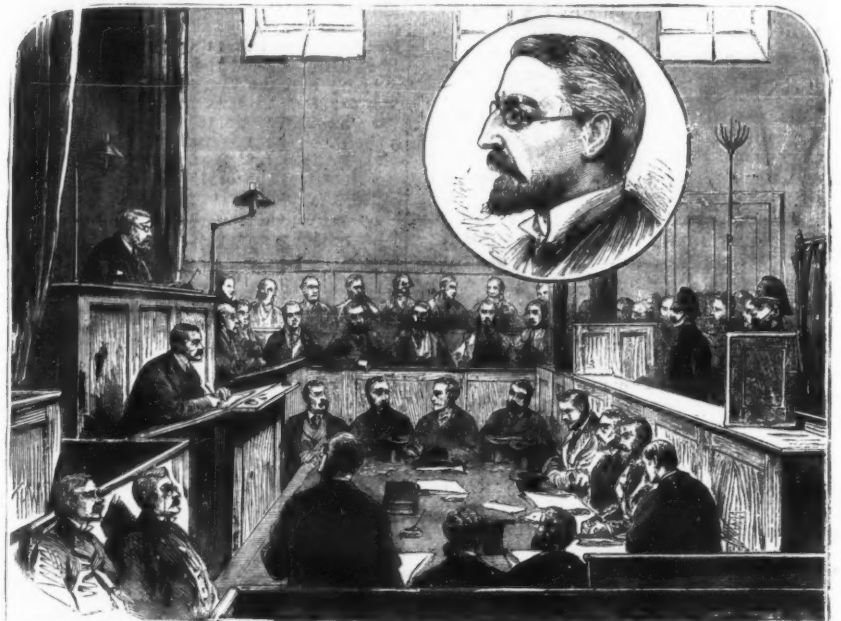
1. The British Resident's House, Zululand. 2. Emangete, Chief Dunn's Residence.  
SOUTH AFRICA.—THE RESTORATION OF CETEWAYO.



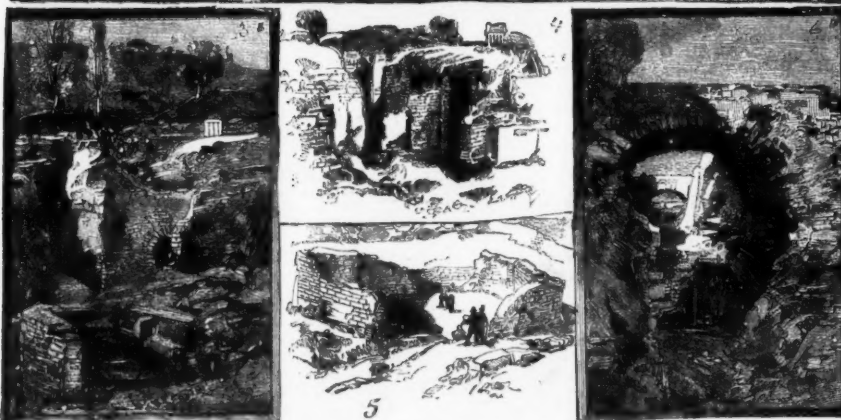
NORTH CHINA.—THE BOUNDARY BETWEEN THE PROVINCES OF SHAN-SI AND PE-CHI-LI.



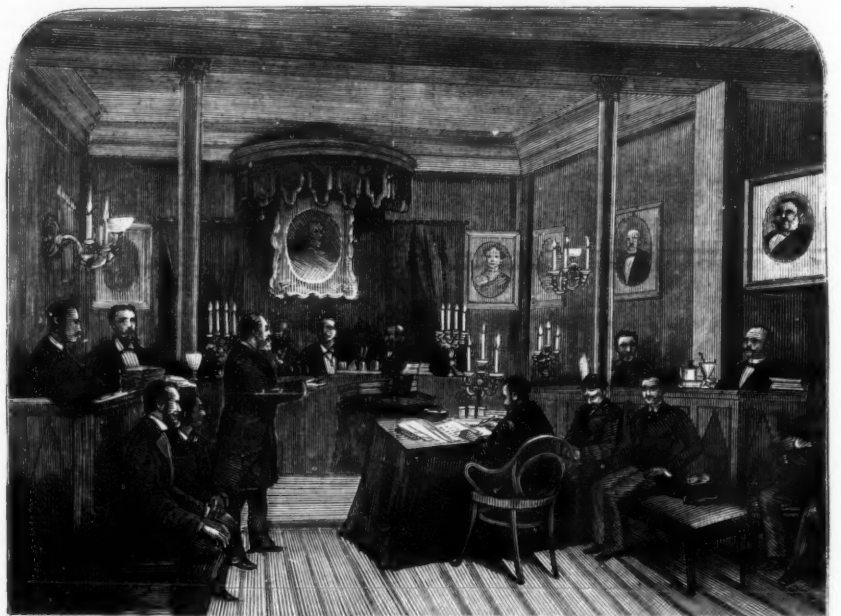
GREAT BRITAIN.—SEARCHING FOR THE BODIES OF VICTIMS OF THE FACTORY CHIMNEY DISASTER, AT BRADFORD, BY ELECTRIC LIGHT.



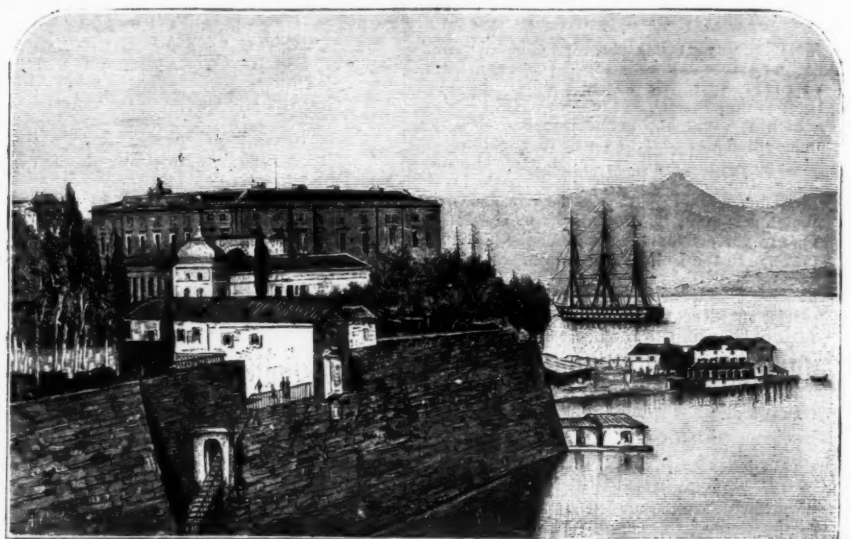
IRELAND.—EXAMINATION OF MR. O'BRIEN, EDITOR OF THE LAND LEAGUE ORGAN, AT DUBLIN, ON A CHARGE OF PUBLISHING SEDITIOUS ARTICLES.



1. View of the Baths. 2. Amphitheatre. 3. Dwellings. 4. Bath Furnaces. 5. The Octagon Temple. 6. The Palace.  
FRANCE.—THE RECENTLY EXCAVATED RUINS AT SANXAY, NEAR POITIERS.



SPAIN.—THE NEW CRIMINAL CODE—PUBLIC AND ORAL EXAMINATION OF STUDENTS AT THE ACADEMY OF JURISPRUDENCE, MADRID.



GREECE.—THE ISLAND OF CORFU—FORMER PALACE OF THE ENGLISH GOVERNOR AT THE CAPITAL.





GEN. FITZ-JOHN PORTER,  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GUTEKUNST.



GUSTAVE DORÉ.  
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ELLIOTT.—SEE PAGE 391.

#### THE CASE OF GEN. FITZ-JOHN PORTER.

THE Fitz-John Porter case, as it has come to be called, has already assumed rank as one of the most remarkable in military annals. Never before in this country, and seldom in any other land or age, has the conduct of any officer given rise to such long and animated controversy. If the

theory of his innocence, which has of late years found growing acceptance, shall finally be indorsed by history, his name will take rank as that of one of the most cruelly abused men ever known.

General Porter is a native of New Hampshire, having been born at Portsmouth in 1823, and graduated with honor at West Point in 1845. He was assigned to duty as second lieutenant of the

Fourth Artillery, in which regiment he served in the war with Mexico, taking part in the battles of Cerro Gordo, Contreras, Molino del Rey, the sieges of Vera Cruz and Chapultepec, and in the capture of the City of Mexico, in which struggle he was wounded at the Belen Gate. He was successively breveted as captain and major for his gallantry, and came back with an excellent reputation. In

1849 he became instructor of artillery and cavalry at West Point, and from 1857 to 1860 he was assistant adjutant-general of the Utah expedition. On the breaking out of the rebellion General Porter, after returning from Texas with the remnant of troops stationed there, was, at that critical period, assigned to duty in Pennsylvania with the general charge of keeping the roads open to the capital. While



CALIFORNIA.—THE DISASTER ON THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD AT TEHACHAPI PASS, JANUARY 19TH.—SEE PAGE 391.



at Harrisburg he was instrumental in organizing and forwarding troops for the protection of the capital, and learning through Governor Curtin that the arsenal and other public property at St. Louis was liable to fall into the hands of the secessionists of Missouri, and being cut off from telegraphic communication with Washington, he assumed the responsibility and telegraphed in the name of the Secretary of War to muster in the Missouri volunteers, under the command of Captain Lyon, for the protection of public property. This action was warmly approved by General Scott and the Secretary of War. General Porter's next service was as chief of staff with General Patterson; after which, upon the organization of the Army of the Potomac, he was assigned to the command of a division, and had charge of the siege of Yorktown until it fell, when he was placed in command of the Fifth Army Corps, with which he fought the battles of New Bridge, Hanover Court House, Gaines's Mill, Turkey Bridge and Malvern. For his services in this campaign he was promoted major-general of volunteers and brevet brigadier-general in the regular Army. Upon the abandonment of the Peninsula by the Army of the Potomac, General Porter reported to General Pope at Bealeton, August 26th, 1862. Up to this time friends and foes agree that General Porter's conduct had always been that of a gallant soldier and loyal citizen. The second battle of Bull Run occurred during the closing days of this month, and it was charged that during this contest he was guilty of disobedience of orders and misbehavior before the enemy, August 27th-29th. The charges were preferred by General Pope in the following November, and a court-martial was ordered, which began its proceedings on the 1st of December, the late President Garfield being one of its members. The trial continued till January 10th, 1863, and resulted in a verdict of guilty, and Porter was sentenced to be cashiered and "for ever disqualified from holding any office of trust or profit under the Government of the United States."

After leaving the army General Porter engaged in business in New York. Later he was superintendent of the construction of the New Jersey Insane Asylum, and in 1875 he was appointed Commissioner of Public Works of the City of New York. General Porter always protested his innocence of the charges against him, and from the day of his sentence he has been indefatigable in seeking a rehearing of his case and an undoing of the injustice which he held had been done him. For years he met with no success. The public was generally convinced of his guilt, and General Grant, whose influence, first as General of the Army, and later as President, was so potent, persistently refused him a hearing. President Hayes was persuaded to appoint a board to examine into the case, and named as its members Major-general J. M. Schofield, Brigadier-general A. H. Terry, and Colonel G. W. Getty. This board approached the case with a strong conviction of the justice of the court-martial's sentence, yet, after a most exhaustive examination, they unanimously reported "that all the essential facts in every instance stand out in the clear and absolute contrast to those supposed facts upon which General Porter was adjudged guilty"; and, furthermore, that, so far from being responsible for the defeat, "Porter's faithful, subordinate and intelligent conduct that afternoon saved the Union army from the defeat which would otherwise have resulted that day from the enemy's more speedy concentration."

Cleared from a mass of details, the essential charge against Porter was that he disobeyed an order of his superior to immediately attack the enemy, while the investigation of this board showed that the order in question reached him too late to be complied with before nightfall, and that the position of the rebel forces, as discovered by Porter, and since established by the Confederate records, was such that the movement directed would have proven disastrous. This report greatly encouraged the friends of General Porter, and in each session of Congress since it was rendered they have pushed for his restoration to his old rank in the army. At last—led by Senator Sowell, of New Jersey—they have succeeded in getting a Bill for his relief through the Senate, and they are hopeful of favorable action in the House. General Grant has frankly confessed his own mistake in refusing to examine the matter while he was in office, and since making an investigation has declared his firm conviction of Porter's innocence, and used all his influence to secure a reversal of the original sentence. Public sentiment at large has greatly changed of late years, and while general agreement as to Porter's guilt or innocence can never be expected, it is evident that the removal of the stigma under which he has so long rested would now be acquiesced in by the public with comparative complacency.

### THE CAPTAIN OF THE PRECINCT.

"LADY, chief," The clerk bowed slightly, as with a gesture he intimated to the caller, who had waited for nearly half an hour in the ante-room, that she was at liberty to enter the inner office.

The Superintendent of Police, standing upon the threshold where he had dismissed his last visitor, looked attentively at the heavily-veiled figure which moved towards him. Placing an armchair for her beside his desk, he seated himself at his official post and waited for her to speak. Without any hesitation, she threw aside her veil, glancing around the office as if particularly curious as to her surroundings. She was a woman about thirty years of age, whose face, though wearing an expression of the profoundest melancholy, was remarkably lovely and interesting.

"I have come to you for advice," she said, looking questioning at the superintendent. He was a thin, wiry little man, who with the tips of his forefingers pressed closely together was regarding her keenly through half-shut eyes.

"I shall be most happy to give it, madam." The lady smiled slightly—it was plain to see that she smiled seldom—at a suggestion in his tone.

"Perhaps your advice is oftener asked than taken," she said. "That is no unusual occurrence anywhere, and may I say frankly that it is quite probable I may not act upon yours."

The superintendent bowed impressively, a twinkle in the keen, half-shut eyes.

"A diamond ring," she began, "has been stolen from my writing-desk, and under peculiar circumstances. The drawer in which it was placed was intended for a jewel-casket, and its existence, even, known only to myself. I put the ring into the drawer last night about eleven o'clock. This morning it was gone, and I have not the least clue to its disappearance."

"How was the drawer located?" the superintendent asked, as she paused a moment.

"It was at the back of another drawer which had to be taken out before the casket could be reached. It was opened by touching a secret spring."

"And the desk itself?"

"Was made to order for me some years ago."

"You say no one but yourself knew of the existence of this drawer?"

"No one but the cabinet-maker and—my husband—who died three years ago."

The tone died away in a whisper. So, the confirmed melancholy of the face, the heavy crape shrouding the slender figure—these were accounted for.

"I must know something of your house—your family, madam."

"My house is a three story brown stone in the middle of the block, 325 Uhler Avenue. My sleeping-room is the rear room on the second floor. The desk stands in an extension at the rear of that, and at right angles with the window. I have no family—save my servants, a housekeeper, whose son lives in the house, and a colored cook."

"What is your opinion of the honesty of these persons?"

"The cook has never to my knowledge entered those rooms. My housekeeper, an old lady and dear friend, is above suspicion. So also is her son."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders significantly.

"You probably in your profession suspect everybody," the lady said, a little sharply.

"Pardon, madam, not everybody. Is her son employed about the house?"

"He—I at one time employed him as a coachman, but he was not trustworthy."

"Yet above suspicion, you say?"

"He is fond of liquor. I do not believe he is a thief. Last night he did not come home at all."

"Ah!"

"You seem to attach some significance to that fact?"

"That is inevitable."

"I mentioned it simply to prove that he was—"

The superintendent nodded in a manner which said that the logic of a lady was often unlike that of a police officer, and that different conclusions might be drawn from the same premises.

"You are sometimes away from home?" he said, in an interrogative tone.

"Very seldom. My life is a secluded one. This is the first time I have been out of doors for over a month, and I receive no company."

"No one has ever seen you open this drawer?"

"No one, I am positive."

"And there is nothing missing but the ring?"

"There was nothing in the drawer—in the house. My other jewels—I wear no ornaments now of any kind, but I had many at the time this drawer was made for them—have been for months in the care of the Safe Deposit Company."

"Was the ring marked, madam?"

"Yes."

"In what way?"

"A date and initials—mine and—"

"Your husband's?"

"Not my husband's."

The superintendent was studying with great interest the point of a pencil which he had picked up from his desk.

"Are you willing to tell me why this was the only piece of jewelry you kept in the house? Not unless you are willing, you understand," he added, as he shrank a little.

"I will tell you, certainly," she said, in so frank a voice that he wondered how he could have supposed her reluctant. "Because it is the only link between me and a past which was precious. It was the only thing worth keeping in all my miserable and disappointed life. So much for the sentiment of the matter, if you care to hear it, though no one who could in any possible way be connected with it is now living."

"Your doors were locked through the night?"

"As they always are. I am a light sleeper, too, always. But, above all, sir," she added, with great emphasis, "bear in mind what I have told you of the construction of this drawer. I would have risked that desk in the hands of fifty burglars. The casket could not have been discovered unless the desk were broken to pieces. Now have you any theory about it?"

"One—and it must be the correct one, or my experience goes for nothing. The ring was taken by your housekeeper's son."

"Impossible!"

"I merely give you my opinion."

The lady looked greatly distressed.

"Are you willing that the young man should be watched for a few days? He need never know that he is an object of suspicion unless we have reason to believe him guilty."

"I will trust it to your judgment, sir," the lady said, reluctantly.

The superintendent drew towards him a memorandum-book.

"Your name, please," he asked, as he wrote down the number of the house she had incidentally mentioned.

"Mrs. Westervelt."

"And the young man?"

"John Cheyne, at present employed in Holley's express office, Broad Street."

"Do not fear, madam, that we shall disturb him now or at any future time without your express permission."

The Superintendent of Police was as practical and prosaic a man as could be found anywhere in the city. But he was completely fascinated by the lady's face and manner. Her voice, too—it was a wonderfully musical one, but the saddest he had ever heard in his life. "Nonsense!" he mentally ejaculated ten minutes after she had left him. "At my time of life! Sixty-two, and as bald as—!" He rubbed his hand vigorously over his head, and then set as vigorously to work on a pile of papers lying on his desk.

On his way home that night he called upon the Captain of the Thirteenth Precinct, one of the most valued men on the force—the intimate friend and confidant of his chief.

"Queer case to-day, Farleigh," the superintendent began, caressing a little Scotch ter-

rier which showed extravagant delight at his presence, and he related all the details of his interview with Mrs. Westervelt.

The captain looked interested.

"You're on the right track, no doubt. The idea of your fascinating caller knowing anything of the ways in which such rascalities are carried on!"

"And her house is only a stone's throw from this station," the superintendent remarked. "It will be easy for you to keep an eye on it for a while—see who goes out and comes in. I believe every syllable she says, and yet—Put Willis on the track of this young Cheyne. He's a lynx, Willis is, and if there's any crooked work going on he'll get at it in no time. I'd give a good deal to recover that ring for her—I admit that much, Farleigh," and with a laugh the superintendent passed out into the street.

It was several days before the two men met again.

"Anything going on at 325 Uhler Avenue?" the superintendent asked, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder in the direction of the house.

Captain Farleigh shook his head.

"The hinges of the front door have a good chance to grow rusty this rainy weather," he remarked. "I doubt if it has been opened since the lady passed through it to go to you. Lang has grown quite excited over it—had a glimpse of the lady's face at the window once, and has raved over her ever since as wildly as you did. I believe he's watching the house now by night as well as by day, though I've no idea what for. Perhaps he has."

"How about the suspicious John Cheyne?"

"I should judge from Willis's report that he's about as harmless an idiot as you could find; knows enough to get drunk occasionally, but even then generally has some one at his elbow to jog it for him. He never took that ring—that I could swear to—unless it were left under his nose."

"Who did, then?"

"A question easier asked than answered."

The superintendent shrugged his shoulders.

"I hate to find myself so far out of my reckoning. I'd counted on making an easy job of this matter. Positively I was fool enough to believe that I could find that ring in the first pawnshop, and so far I've not discovered it anywhere inside the city limits."

Two days later the superintendent again visited the station-house.

"There's another development in that diamond-ring case, Farleigh. I had another note from the lady this morning."

"Another note? You don't mean to say that—"

"Yes, I've written to her several times."

"And what in the world—"

"About the ring, of course. I've told her what we were doing, and how little reason young Cheyne had given to confirm my suspicion of him. I knew that would please her, as it's easy to see that she's mighty fond of the boy's mother."

The captain was laughing, and as the chief slapped him on the shoulder, he laughed in his turn.

"Oh, it's no use. I'm not quite such a fool as that—don't believe it! But it's been a little excitement, a little recreation. It's done me good, and I warrant it hasn't hurt her. Hurt her! That woman has had one hurt, if I'm not mistaken, that will last her for her life. And every breath she breathes is devoted to the memory of some dead love or other. Happy ghost! I'd almost be willing to change places with him, whoever or wherever he is. Tisn't her husband, that's sure. Look at this!"

As he talked he took from his pocket and unfolded the note of which he had spoken, pointing to the elaborate monogram at the top of the sheet.

"That's superb so far," the captain said, examining it with great interest.

The superintendent read it aloud:

"Mrs. Westervelt desires to again express her sincere thanks to the Superintendent of Police for the great interest he has shown in the matter upon which his advice was solicited, but begs that he will make no further investigation, as she has reason to believe that she has herself found the clue to the disappearance of her property."

Captain Farleigh gave a low whistle and then laughed.

"Your correspondent does not seem to have passed beyond the first formalities, chief."

"I can't flatter myself that it ever would, cap, but I've taken no end of comfort just in those. It's easy enough to see how a man could break his heart over a woman like that. I should pity a fellow who loved her hopelessly—mind you, I don't propose to try that little experiment. I wish you could see her for yourself once. But sentiment aside, cap, I'd mighty like to know what clew she's found to this business, and I'm blest if I don't find out."

He did this in a straightforward way. He called in person the next day at the elegant house in Uhler Avenue, and was ushered in by the housekeeper, through the seldom-used front door, into a tiny but magnificently furnished reception-room. He sent up no card—"a gentleman on business" was the message delivered by the servant to her mistress.

Mrs. Westervelt did not keep her guest waiting. He heard instantly the rustle of her dress on the stairs, and as she stood facing him in the little room, she was lovelier, yet even sadder, if that were possible, than she had seemed at their first interview. Though her recognition was ready and her greeting cordial, it seemed to her visitor as if it were the body only of the woman who stood there—as if the spirit were unconscious of his presence. He found more difficulty than he had anticipated in opening the conversation.

"You will not think it strange, perhaps, Mrs. Westervelt, that I have had not only a great deal of interest but considerable curiosity in the matter you confided to me, and more than ever since your note of yesterday. You

may consider me presumptuous, but my object in calling was to ask you if you are willing to tell me on whom your suspicion—what clew you have found to this most mysterious robbery. The more I have thought of this case the more it has puzzled me."

Mrs. Westervelt made an uneasy motion with her hands which were lying in her lap. She glanced about the room, out of the window, then back to his face again. For the first time since she had entered the room she seemed to be conscious of herself and of him.

"I don't know, after all, why I should not tell you," she began, in a voice which sounded faint and far off. "My husband, whom I thought died long ago, is still living. I told you, you remember, that he knew the secret of the jewel casket."

The superintendent gazed at her in amazement.

"But, even then," he said, slowly, after a long pause, "how could—"

The lady made an impatient gesture.

"Don't ask me any questions as to how he could do anything. You might like to know what my life has been for the last ten hideous years—since I was Hale Westervelt's wife! I married him from pique—while angry with the only man whom I ever really cared for—and he married me for my money. It was a fair bargain—that is, neither of us tried to deceive the other, though he was a much worse man than I ever suspected. I found it out quickly enough—after I had married him. No doubt it was he himself who, three years ago, sent me the notice of his own death. I believe now that it was another of the countless traps he was continually setting for me—Heaven knows why. We both knew that the man to whom I was engaged before my marriage was killed in California. He certainly could trust me with all the rest of the world—after that."

"And you have seen him?"

"No. My housekeeper has, however. Accidentally, at the window of one of the houses in the rear of this one—a large boarding-house. And he has taken my ring. I am sure of it. There's no use in asking me how. I don't know."

It was a woman's unreasoning conviction. It admitted of no argument.

"A queer affair altogether," the superintendent remarked that night to the Captain of the Precinct, as they sat confidentially together. "I've no doubt Mrs. Westervelt's theory is the correct one. It's plausible enough. I'd like to get a good grip on that devil, but she won't listen to it, even though she admits that she'd give five years of her life for that ring. Little she cares now for fifty years of it, I reckon."

"It must have been a rather unsatisfactory interview, chief, almost as unsatisfactory as the correspondence, now that you find she's not the widow of some saint, but the wife of some scoundrel. I know how you hate to give up when you've undertaken to find out anything, so you ought to have some comfort in knowing where the ring has probably gone to, even if you don't quite—"

He stopped abruptly as two officers entered the station-house, having in custody a man—a gentleman, he might be called, judging from his dress alone. But his elegant clothes were bespattered with the mud of the streets. His hat was gone. His disheveled hair and bleeding face made him a pitiful object to look upon. With the group was a fourth person, an elderly man who followed them in a state of great excitement.

"This is the man, sir," he said, rapidly, addressing the Captain of the Precinct, "whom the police hunted for, two years ago, to answer for the forgery in the Bradford Bank robbery. The very man, sir! I know! Call on me for evidence, sir. I'm on my way out of town on business to-night, sir, but I'll be back to-morrow, sir, and early, sir, to help this rascal to his place in the State prison, sir!"

With a menacing glance at the man so designated, and a hasty comparison of his watch with the clock of the station-house, he rushed again out into the street.

"The gentleman recognized him," one of the policemen explained, "and there was a street fight before we got to them. If this had been loaded, it might have made short work of somebody," and he laid a pistol on the desk: "that is, if he had not been too drunk to use it. I had to call for help before I could take him in, drunk as he is."

"Your name?" the captain demanded of the prisoner, his pencil suspended in his fingers.

The man made no reply. He had fixed his eyes on the face of the questioner, while a curious change passed over his own.

"Not so drunk as you think, Willis," the captain remarked, *sotto voce*. "What's your name?" he repeated.

"Do you ask that question in your social or professional capacity, Bertram Farleigh?" was the man's reply. "You do not seem to have the pleasure of my acquaintance, though I have long had the pleasure and honor of yours."

The captain eyed him sharply, though with very little curiosity.

"Your name?" he replied, impatiently.

"Perhaps you will be more interested in that of—Heloise Sayre?"

The captain, with a blanched face, stared at him as if paralyzed, then rose suddenly and passed his hand over his eyes.

"Search him!" he said, shortly, to one of the officers.

"How's this, cap?" and the superintendent laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder, while his eyes twinkled. "I'd no idea that you ever had a weakness for any woman under the sun. How is it?"

There was a sharp metallic click as something taken from the man's pocket, fell on the floor and rolled to the feet of the superintendent. He picked it up—a diamond ring of great beauty in a peculiar setting.



"By Jove!" He uttered the exclamation under his breath, then turned to the captain. "I'm getting to be a monomaniac on the diamond-ring subject," he said, with a laugh. "Here! Tell me if it's marked. I'm afraid to look at it myself, for fear that it isn't hers!"

"About one chance in a—My God!" "Recognize it, do you?" the prisoner exclaimed, as he watched the little transaction. "I thought you would. 'Tisn't so very many years ago since you had the inside track, and I hated you accordingly. Not that I cared so much for her, but I wanted my own way, and I got it—with her and her money, too! You can return the ring with my compliments, so long as I can't help myself, and if she's curious as to how I got it, tell her I've been a neighbor of hers for some time—could watch her back windows from mine, and didn't find it very hard this midsummer weather—with windows wide open—to make a midnight visit to her desk, the simple matter of two or three fences and a grape-trellis."

The captain turned suddenly towards his chief.

"Do you hear? Do you understand?" he demanded; but the superintendent had left the station-house.

"Heloise was never particularly happy with me," the man went on, notwithstanding the attempts of the officers to check his speech. "She might have been if she'd married the Captain of the Thirteenth Precinct! I told her you had died in California. Queer business you've drifted into, Bertram Farleigh. Studying law, I believe, when Heloise threw you over. I suppose this is a sort of practice at the Bar—the best you could do after I knocked you out of time."

The man had been thoroughly searched. A miscellaneous collection taken from his pockets lay on the captain's desk, but the captain, with an expression on his face as new and strange as to attract even the attention of the officers, fingered the pistol which lay near the rest of the man's possessions.

"This should do good service for once if it were loaded," he said, with dry, white lips. "I know you now. I swore long ago that I would have the life of the man who married Heloise Sayre, if I ever found out who he was!"

"Better put it down, though," the man sneered, "and treat me to a better sort of hospitality, as I've come to spend the night with you."

The captain raised the pistol and held it aimed at the man's head, while his breath came hard and fast. "You devil!" he muttered between his clenched teeth.

"Farleigh! What's this?" He turned quickly to face the superintendent, who, with a dexterous movement, sent the pistol flying across the room. A lady stood close by the chief, gazing at the face of the Captain of the Precinct.

"Bert! Bert!" she gasped in a half-whisper with dilated eyes. Beyond him she saw her husband. She turned to the superintendent, clinging to him for support.

"Why have you brought me here?" she asked, in a husky voice.

"To identify this man—this ring," and he took up the jewel. "You will not refuse now to let the law protect you—to take—"

"This is a most unexpected pleasure, Heloise," Hale Westervelt sneered, looking at his wife; "but, since you're here, I'd like to ask where's the rest of the jewelry you used to keep in your writing-desk cabinet. I looked for it a few days ago, and if I'd found it I shouldn't have been in this hole. I kept the ring by me as a sort of small change, you know, in case I should need it. But the game's up. It never was worth the candle. Give my respects to the old gentleman when he calls in the morning. He's sound on the bank business. You can keep the pistol to remember me by, Bertram Farleigh. Ta, ta!"

With a quick movement he drew from the lining of his sleeve a small dirk knife. It flashed in the light for one instant, and then, taking a step towards his wife, he plunged it into his heart, and fell heavily at her feet. With a shriek, she hid her face upon the superintendent's shoulder, and, with his arm about her, he led her out of the station-house. It was not more than ten minutes before he returned. The Captain of the Precinct was alone. Upon a bench, his face covered with a handkerchief, lay the body of the suicide whose blood stained the floor.

"And I could have murdered him once," the captain said, facing his chief. "You know now the only secret and the only sorrow of my life."

They stood apart together as a wagon rattled up to the door and the dead body was carried out of the station-house.

"Mrs. Westervelt has her ring once more, cap," the superintendent said, quietly, to his companion, as the sound of wheels died away in the distance. "I put it back on her finger myself—for you. After a while you will go and see it there. You have my permission and my blessing, my boy!"

#### GUSTAVE DORÉ.

THE news of Gustave Doré's death comes upon us with a shock. We were not prepared for it. We recoil from the idea. He was too young to die. His work was in no wise completed. There was more to come, and his best. Death had no business with him. He of all should have been passed over; the black roll need not have included his name. The shock still vibrates. Doré was born in Strasbourg, the city of the church of the beautiful spire. His picture of Alsace in later years showed his inner feeling in regard to the annexation of his beloved province. The 7th of January, 1832, gave him to the world which he has quitted all too soon. He spent his child-life in the mountains of the Vosges. From a very early period he betrayed his leanings towards the pencil, and when but eight years old, his sketches of animals were exceptionally clever. At thirteen he came to Paris. A portfolio of the lad's sketches fell into the hands of Philippon, the art-dealer, and this expert induced Doré's father to allow the boy to follow art. During the

subsequent three years Gustave executed some three thousand drawings for a little journal just started, and which has now a fabulous circulation—namely, *Le Petit Journal pour Rire*. Doré now leaped into fame and fame-leaped too soon, for his early success set back the dial of his greatness. His work lacked the rich mellowness of maturity. Life became well worth living. He was the centre of the best, the most delightful, people in Paris. Gustave had the hand of a countess and the muscle of an athlete. He was a match for the "fittest form" among the undergraduates of Oxford or Cambridge. He performed on the violin à ravir—so Rossini said—and was gracious and simple, and winsome and earnest in his ways. He was rich, yet lived without display; he worked and walked in a blouse. His mother was his first love—his art his second. When twitted on being a bachelor, "Bah!" he would laugh, "I am not a Turk. I am twice married already—to my mother and to my art." Madame Doré's attachment for her son was idyllic. All newcomers should pass her inspection ere reaching the great artist.

Doré had a far-off, dreamy look in his eyes, especially noticeable when he was engaged in playing the violin, piano, or guitar. He wore his hair long, his mustache short. He loved dogs. At the first night he was ever present, as his delight in the theatre recognized no limits. He was fond of good food, as the manager of Brabant's knew full well, while, of all the Chateaux, Margeaux was his favorite. His mornings in his atelier, a real rough-and-ready workshop, were shared with a few select friends; his evenings were spent with music. Doré's works are known to the civilized world. At twenty-one he published the inimitable series of drawings to Rabelais, in which the curé of Meudon would have recognized a most thoroughly congenial and sympathetic pencil. The "Contes de Rabelais" followed in 1856, the "Essais" of Montaigne in 1857, Taine's "Voyages aux Pyrénées" in 1858, and 1861 that truly great production the illustrated "Inferno" appeared, as well as the "Contes de Perrault." Other works and dates are, "Atala" (1862), "Don Quixote" (1863), the Bible (1865-6), Milton (1865), "The Fables of La Fontaine" (1867), "The Idylls of the King," Dante's "Purgatorio" and "Paradiso" (1868), "Elaine," "Vivian," "Enid" and "Guinevere" (1868-69), "Works of Rabelais" (1872), "Spain" by Baron Ch. Davillier (1873), "The Song of the Ancient Mariner" (1866), "London" by Louis Enault (1877), and "Orlando Furioso" (1879). M. Doré had been engaged for several years in illustration of Shakespeare, a work in which he was greatly interested. He said to a friend in 1877: "I dream only of Shakespeare. It will be the supreme effort of my life. I have already given some years to it, and I am only at the beginning, or, rather, finding a way to begin. Beside him everything appears small—*mesquin*. If I can succeed in producing in a national way, worthy of the subject and of myself, your great Shakespeare, I shall close with glory my career as an illustrator. But it is a mighty task to tackle, and who will undertake it?" Of M. Doré's paintings there are happily many specimens in this country. The list of his contributions need not be recapitulated here.

The Doré Gallery in Bond Street, London, has long been a feature of the town, and his principal works were shown there. Among them are "Christ Leaving the Pretorium," "The Entry into Jerusalem," "Moses and the Brazen Serpent," "The Dream of Pilate's Wife," "The Triumph of Christianity" and "The Martyrs in the Arena." Later works were the "Ecce Homo" and "The Ascension," placed in the gallery in 1879, some illustrations of Shakespeare and "The Tortured Soul." A few years ago M. Doré took up sculpture, and has had much success. His work, especially that of decorative quality, is excellent. Of this class is the vase emblemizing the "Vine" and a mirror of bronze with Cupids, executed, we believe, for the Empress of Russia. He exhibited at the Salon the following picture groups: "Love and Fate" (1877), "La Gioiella" (1878), "Edrol" (1879), a "Madonna" (1880), "Christianity" (1881), and "The Vine"—as a bronze vase (1882). He also did a bronze figure of "Terpsichore" for the Theatre of Monte Carlo. Doré used models for his statues, but none for his pictures. It is related that he once stated to an inquiring but illustrious personage, "We do not paint with models here; we paint with our brains." The great artist, on leaving a musical reception, neglected to muffle his throat. Inflammation set in, and on Tuesday, the 23d of January, he died. His name will live. He has painted it in undying color.

#### THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILWAY DISASTER.

ONE of the most terrible railroad disasters on record occurred on the Southern Pacific Railroad, near Tehachapi, Cal., about midnight on January 19th. The road at this point crosses the mountains through a pass, after having toiled up a grade of 105 feet to the mile for twenty-six miles. While the express train which had left San Francisco the day before was stopping at the station on the summit to detach an extra engine, it broke loose and started back down the incline. The train gathered headway quickly, and was soon dashing down the grade at the rate of a mile a minute. At a sharp curve of the road the coach and smoker, which were ahead, broke the coupling and separated from the rest of the train, making the turn safely. The sleeping-cars and the mail, express and baggage cars were dashed against a high bank and then thrown back, rolling down an embankment. The lamps and stoves at once set fire to the wreck, which was instantly in a blaze. The passengers in the sleeping-cars had retired, and had scarcely been awakened by the terrible speed with which the train dashed down the mountain before the crash came. A few escaped uninjured, or with only slight bruises, but the rest were either killed outright or burned to death in the flames. The night was intensely cold, and the point where the disaster occurred was a considerable distance from any settlement, so that little could be done for the sufferers until help arrived from Tehachapi.

In some instances a few handfuls of whitened bits of bones were all that remained of what had been a human form, and it was with great difficulty that the remains of several victims were identified. The number of the dead is believed to have been thirteen, of whom the most prominent was the wife of ex-Governor Downey, of California, while several others were badly injured.

The disaster was at first attributed to the carelessness of the train hands. It was said that the air-brakes had been taken off, and the men who tended the hand-brakes were away from their posts, one attending to switching the engine, and the other relighting his extinguished lamp. The railroad officials, however, declare that the accident was the result of an attempt to rob the express car. They claim that the hand-brakes were properly set by the brakemen, but that, while one of them was escorting a lady to the station, some miscreants let off the brakes and started the train down the grade in order to get it away from help and in a position where the express car could be robbed. Being inexperienced, they lost control of the train, and the disaster occurred. Some support is lent to this theory by the fact that when the train drew into the station two men were seen there who were subsequently found dead in the wreck, and who are as yet unidentified.

A SMALL enameled copy of Raphael's well-known picture of the Madonna della Seggiola was found in the ruins of the Milwaukee fire near the remains of Miss Chellis, who died in the sight of the crowd below, calmly kneeling in prayer in the embrasure of a window. It was covered with dust, and the iron frame was melted and ran together, but the face of the Virgin was uninjured.

#### PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

##### The Restoration of Cetewayo.

The arrival of Cetewayo at Ulundi recalls attention to the situation of affairs in Zululand, and the probable effect of the British policy as agreed upon during the Zulu chief's presence in London. It is quite possible that the restoration of Cetewayo will be attended by some difficulty; Chief Dunn, an Englishman, who has been long settled among the natives, who has adopted many of their customs (that of polygamy among others), and who exercises vast influence over them, will certainly offer all the opposition in his power. Mr. Dunn profited greatly by the war which ended in the defeat and dethronement of Cetewayo, as it advanced him from the position of a petty chief to that of a lord paramount, and he will not surrender his advantage without a struggle. The mouthpiece and agent of the British Government is, of course, Mr. Osborne, the official Resident, and, being a man of prudence and decision of character, great confidence is felt that he will be able to carry out the plans determined upon for the final settlement of the whole Zulu problem. We give an illustration of the residences of the Resident and of Chief Dunn.

##### The Factory Disaster at Bradford.

The fall of a high factory chimney at Bradford, England, on the 28th of December, 1882, by which some sixty people were killed, has already been mentioned in our columns. The chimney, which was two hundred and fifty-five feet high, fell in the morning, crushing down through all the floors of the building, while a hundred workpeople—more of women, girls and boys than of men—were mostly sitting at their breakfast. There was a shriek of horror, and groans of agony were heard. The cloud of dust was blown off, and it was seen by hundreds of terrified neighbors that nearly the whole great building was destroyed. A huge heap of loose stones and bricks, timber beams, twisted iron, fragments of machinery, pieces of human clothing, dead or dying human bodies, lay mixed with the ruins of the fatal chimney, in the adjacent yard and street. Strenuous efforts were at once made to clear away the remains and to extricate those yet living, as well as the bodies of the dead. These labors continued all through that day and night by the aid of the electric light. A dozen medical gentlemen, or surgeons, clergymen, Roman Catholic priests, and ministers, were early in the field; the latter to pray with, or for, the suffering victims and sorrowing friends. The surgeons had, in some instances, to treat the wounded as they lay, and even to amputate fractured limbs before they could be carried to the hospitals. Some twenty persons in all received other than fatal hurts, while a zty were killed outright or died soon afterwards.

##### The Ruins in Sanxay.

The little village of Sanxay has become a sort of archaeological capital, the subject of its ruins being on the lips of the learned world. It is a miniature Pompeii in the middle of France. The discoveries are not exclusively confined to the village itself, but extend to the Valley of the Boisiers, distant about 1,200 meters. Since the days of the Gauls, Sanxay was the centre of the solemn meetings of the Picts. It was here that the people annually elected a delegate to represent the tribe at the general assembly in the Carnute country, a place in which were celebrated the great national fete, the very inner sanctuary of the political and religious life of the Picts. These wondrous discoveries, due to the indefatigable zeal and profound scientific knowledge of R. P. de la Croix, take rank amongst the most notable events of contemporary archaeology. M. de la Croix, a Jesuit, was born in Hainaut, at Mont-Saint-Aubert, in 1831. His academic yearnings were entirely in the direction of archaeology, and he resolved upon devoting his life to the unearthing of the ancient Pict capital.

##### A Chinese Provincial Boundary.

Pe-chi-li, the northeastern province of China, has a population of 36,000,000, and, having within it the City of Peking, the capital of the Empire, enjoys a metropolitan eminence. On the west of this province lies Shan-si, where many remnants of the ancient Chinese dynasty are still to be seen. The traveler entering Shan-si over a succession of mountain passes will be struck by the curious old gateway, at a village on the frontier, dividing the two provinces from each other, and under which he must pass. The Great Wall is not far distant from this place, but extends over 1,200 miles, varying in height from fifteen to thirty feet, over the mountains and plains, and is fortified at intervals with large square towers.

##### Trial for Sedition.

We give an illustration of the recent trial, in the Police Court at Dublin, of Mr. O'Brien, editor of the Land League organ, *United Ireland*, on a charge of publishing seditious articles. The defendant was supported by a number of Irish Nationalists, and the proceedings excited great interest. Considerable argument took place between the Crown counsel and Mr. A. M. Sullivan, for the defense, as to whether the defendant was privileged under the present law to plead justification at the hearing before the magistrate, the former contending that the charge being one of seditious libel evidence to justify the alleged libel could not be called until the trial. Mr. O'Donell, the presiding magistrate, ruled that the evidence was inadmissible, and said he should send the case to the Commission for trial. Upon the application of the defendant's counsel, however, he adjourned the case for three weeks, at the expiration of which time the defendant was committed for trial at the next session of the Special Commission. Meanwhile, Mr. O'Brien has been returned to Parliament for Mallow by a majority of 72 votes over the Government candidate, Mr. John Nash.

##### Spanish Law Examinations.

The experiment recently tried by the Royal Academy of Jurisprudence at Madrid of holding an open public examination of pupils desirous of gaining their degrees, has proved a most unqualified success. The examination was oral, and the results eminently satisfactory. At a large table in the centre of the hall sat the secretary; on a dais were the examiners. At desks, the pupils. Question after question of dry law came from those potent, grave and reverend seignors, which were responded to in nearly every instance with a readiness that spoke well in favor of the embryo lawyers. A large number of the most distinguished judges and crown officials, and persons remarkable in the literary world, attended, to whom the proceedings seemed to afford the liveliest satisfaction.

##### The Island of Corfu.

Corfu, one of the Ionian Islands, is forty miles long and twenty miles broad, with an area of 227 square miles and a population of 80,000. Mount Pantocratus rises 3,000 feet. The climate is mild, and earthquakes are not infrequent. Its principal product is olive oil. It was wrested from the Venetians in 1797 by the French. Two years later it was taken by the Russians and Turks; united to the Ionian Islands, then ceded to France, and ultimately captured by the English. By the Congress of Vienna it was, in 1864, ceded to Greece by Great Britain. The capital city of the same name is beautifully situated on an eminence on the east coast, and is defended by a citadel and two forts. There are a number of fine edifices, among them being the former residence of the British Governor, of which we give an illustration. Corfu is the see of Greek and Latin archbishops, and the summer residence of the King and Court of Greece. It is also a popular winter resort for invalids.

#### AT HOME AND ABROAD.

—THE Monroe County (N. Y.) Land League has resolved to take up a subscription in aid of the Bartholdi Statue fund.

—THE revolutionary party in Ecuador is triumphing; the Dictator has been defeated, and a triumvirate has been established.

—A DISEASE which is not contagious has broken out in the Philippine Islands, and those who are attacked with it succumb in a few hours.

—THE Spanish Cabinet has decided to reduce the expenditures of the Government in order to effect an equalization in the present budget.

—THE Mexican Mercantile Bank has declared a dividend of eight per cent. on paid-up capital, in addition to the three per cent. declared last fall.

—THE District Attorney for Utah says that unless the first wives of polygamists be compelled to testify to their marriage the conviction of offenders will be impossible.

—ANOTHER suicide occurred at Niagara Falls last week, Thomas H. Eason, a Philadelphia merchant, hiring a hackman to drive him to Goat Island and then jumping into the cataract.

—FRENCH vintage returns for 1882 show a decrease of 8,250,000 hectolitres as compared with those of 1881, and 16,000,000 hectolitres as compared with those of the last ten years.

—A FINE flock of thirty or forty pine grosbeaks have been seen in Hampden County, Mass., for several weeks, feeding on the maple-buds. It is an Arctic bird, and comes south only in severe winters.

—THE alleged Assembly of Iglesias has passed a resolution to treat for immediate peace, with or without Bolivia, provided Peru retains its independence and is not stripped of all resources of regeneration.

—ACCORDING to the figures prepared by Mr. McPherson, clerk of the House of Representatives, the next House will be composed of 120 Republicans, 6 Readjusters, 2 Greenback Labor, 5 Independents, and 192 Democrats.

—THE Japanese Department of Agriculture is planting oyster beds near Yokohama. The Japanese oysters are considered among the finest in the world, and hopes are entertained of exporting them largely in a preserved state.

—A DESPERATE battle occurred a few days ago near Tehuantepec, Mexico, between Government troops and Indians, in which the savages were routed, after a loss of eighty killed and many wounded, the troops losing fifty men killed.

—WHEN the Senate was called to order one day last week, Mr. Butler, of South Carolina, was the only Senator present. The Vice-President said: "The Senator from South Carolina will come to order," and after the prayer was delivered Mr. Butler moved a call of the Senate.

—BOTH houses of the Delaware Legislature have passed a resolution looking to a readjustment of legislative districts, so that the counties will be represented according to population. The reform contemplated is reckoned the most important matter to be taken up at the session.

—IN the case of Ho King, a Chinese actor, who recently arrived in Portland, Oregon, Judge Deady, of the United States Circuit Court, decided that it was not necessary that he should have a passport, but that he must prove that he was not a laborer within the meaning of the term in the treaty.

—A WOMAN riding on a Pennsylvania Railroad on a free pass was badly injured by a collision, and the company resisted her claim for damages on the ground that by one of the conditions on the ticket the user assumed all risks. The jury gave her a verdict for \$2,000, and the case being appealed, the Supreme Court has affirmed the decision in favor of the plaintiff.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., was thrown into excitement last week by the caving in of an old coal mine underlying a portion of the city. Houses were tipped up, sidewalks fell in, brick walls were split, and gaps opened in the ground. Fortunately, nobody was killed, but some of the people who found their houses apparently sinking into the earth were frightened almost out of their wits.

—THE Pope congratulates the Irish bishops on their zeal in calming the country and quieting the people. He regrets that civil societies have not ceased to trust to deeds of crime, but seek remedies which lead to the destruction of the faithful. The people should be firmly persuaded that the national cause should be kept distinct from the deeds of these unhalloved associations.

—THE Chilean Government refuses to allow its representatives to meet the Bolivian Ambassadors because the Bolivian Government had requested that Peruvian Commissioners should take part in the meeting. The Chileans, it is said, intend to send a strong force to co-operate with General Iglesias and assist him in re-establishing fixed governments under his authority as a Peruvian in all the northern departments.

—AN express train on the Central Pacific Road was attacked early one morning last week at a lonesome little station 165 miles west of Ogden, called Montello, by a dozen masked robbers, who captured the train-men and locked them up in a tank house. But when they approached the express car they were met by a fusillade from the plucky express messenger. A brisk firing was kept up for a time, and the robbers finally retreated.

—JOHN HARMON, a Washington lobbyist for forty years, testified before a Congressional Investigating Committee last week that he was paid \$50,000 by the Gas Company of that city for work done by him in defeating legislation adverse to the company between 1875 and 1878; and he further testified that the money was paid to him at the house of John Bailey, the person under investigation, then and now a clerk of the House.

—A BILL has been introduced in the Connecticut Legislature to prohibit the issue of railroad free passes to members of the Legislature, State officers, or judges of the courts. To compensate for the loss of these perquisites the Bill authorizes the State Comptroller to make annual contracts with the railroads for the transportation of these officers when traveling on official business. Any official accepting a pass is made liable to a fine of \$500; and any railroad company issuing a pass to such official, to a fine of \$1,000 for each violation.

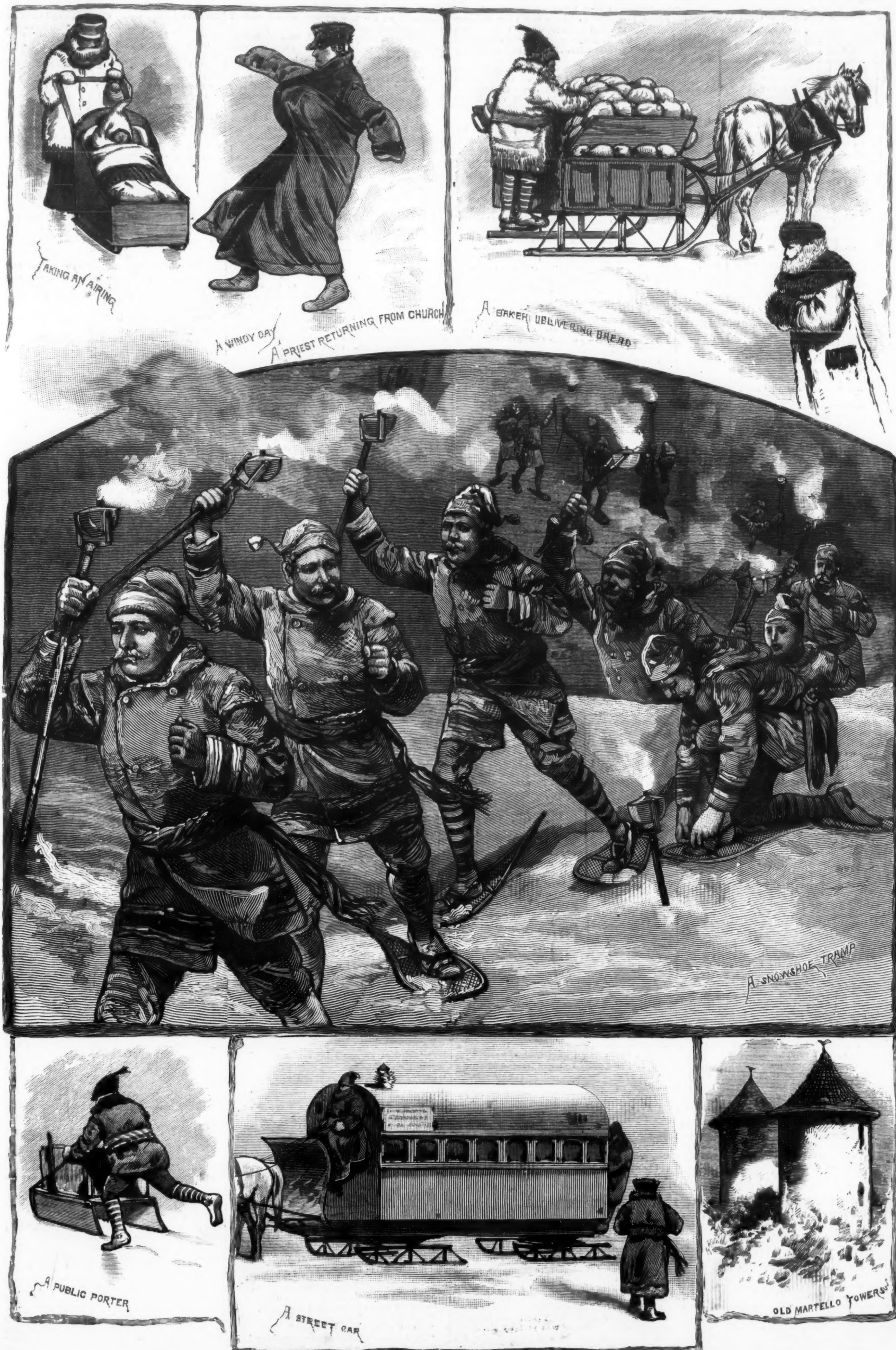
—THE work of preparing the results of the census is in confusion, and it is not likely that the pending Census Deficiency Bill will be recommended for passage until assurances are furnished that the proposed appropriation will bring the work speedily to a close. One difficulty appears to be that certain scientific and philosophical gentlemen connected with the census have prepared elaborate works upon special topics, which they wish to have published at the expense of the Government, principally for their personal glorification. Mr. Francis A. Walker will be asked to return immediately to Washington, take charge of the bureau and bring its work to a close.





THE SINKING OF THE STEAMSHIP "CIMBRIA," OF THE HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, IN THE GERMAN OCEAN, JAN. 19TH.—PANIC-STRIKEN PASSENGERS RUSHING FOR THE BOATS.—SEE PAGE 395.





CANADA.—SCENES AND INCIDENTS OF THE WINTER CARNIVAL AT MONTREAL, JANUARY 23-27TH.  
FROM SKETCHES BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 306.



## THE CATACOMBS OF PARIS.

FAIR through their ghastly corridors I went,  
Bringing to holy glooms my doubting breath;  
Seeking to purify my discontent  
By grim communion with such trace of death.

Down, down into the solemn depths and dim,  
Onward thro' oozing vaults and windings drear,  
To please the morbid fever of my whim,  
I wandered, resolute, and without fear.

Enormous Golgothas of mildewed bones,  
Gaunt, reeking skeletons, corrupt and bare,  
Upon the Ossuary's humid stones,  
In awful symmetry lay everywhere!

And in the slimy horror of the sight  
My heart grew warm, while trepidation fled;  
And the vague dawning of a strange delight,  
Came o'er me there among the crowded dead.

Within this dismal Campo Santo then,  
I strove again the varied past to trace  
Of all those mute, sad myriads of men,  
For centuries mouldering in their dark disgrace.

The bullet-shattered skull which I now hold,  
Perchance saw Jena's desolating flame,  
And, when the ruin of the cannon rolled,  
Defying death, called on Napoleon's name!

And yonder shining, yellow lump of clay,  
On whose grim jaw my lantern's radiance flits,  
May have upheld thro' one terrific day,  
The peerless Emperor's flag at Austerlitz.

That other, severed from its withered trunk,  
Tattered perhaps in bloody mists, unseen,  
Save by the furious rabble, powder-drunk,  
Howling their hates around the guillotine!

And even those pitiful, decaying rows  
Of senseless skulls that I now gaze upon,  
May hold together, side by side—who knows?—  
The godless debauchee, the patient nun!

Oh, awful memento! oh, dream of fear!  
The bones of lovers may be cast apart,  
And the sad victim may be stationed here  
Next to the dead tormentor of his heart!

The hour had come; I left the dolorous gloom,  
To go to light and the abodes of men,  
Glad of release, yet knowing that my doom  
Would lure me, lifeless, to its depths again!

F. S. SALTUS.

## HEART AND SCIENCE:

## A STORY OF THE PRESENT TIME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS.

[The Right of Translation is Reserved.]

## CHAPTER LX.

AFTER a brief interview with his stepson, Mr. Gallilee returned to his daughters in Scotland.

Touched by his fatherly interest in Carmina, Ovid engaged to keep him informed of her progress towards recovery. If the anticipation of saving her proved to be the sad delusion of love and hope, silence would signify what no words could say.

In ten days' time there was a happy end to suspense. The slow process of recovery might extend perhaps to the end of the year. But, if no accident happened, Ovid had the best reasons for believing that Carmina's life was safe.

Freed from the terrible anxieties that had oppressed him, he was able to write again, a few days later, in cheerful tone, and to occupy his pen, at Mr. Gallilee's express request, with such an apparently trifling subject as the conduct of Mr. Null.

"Your old medical adviser was quite right in informing you that I had relieved him from any further attendance on Carmina. But his lively imagination (or perhaps I ought to say, his sense of his own consequence,) has misled you when he also declares that I purposely insulted him. I took the greatest pains not to wound his self-esteem. He left me in anger, nevertheless.

"A day or two afterwards I received a note from him, addressing me as 'Sir,' and asking ironically if I had any objection to his looking at the copies of my prescriptions in the chemist's book. Though he was old enough to be my father (he remarked), it seemed that experience counted for nothing; he had still something to learn from his junior in the treatment of disease—and so on.

"At that miserable time of doubt and anxiety, I could only send a verbal reply, leaving him to do what he liked. Before I tell you of the use that he made of his liberty of action, I must confess something relating to the prescriptions themselves. Don't be afraid of long and learned words, and don't suppose that I am occupying your attention in this way without a serious reason for it which you will presently understand.

"A note in the manuscript—to my study of which I owe, under God, the preservation of Carmina's life—warned me that chemists, in the writer's country, had either refused to make up certain prescriptions given in the work, or had taken the liberty of altering the new quantities and combinations of some of the drugs prescribed. Precisely the same thing happened here, in the case of the first chemist to whom I sent. He refused to make up the medicine unless I first provided him with a signed statement taking the whole responsibility on myself.

"Having ascertained the exact nature of his objections, I dismissed him without his guarantee, and employed another chemist, taking care to write my more important prescriptions under reserve. That is to say, I followed the conventional rules as to quantities and combinations, and made the necessary additions or changes from my own private store when the

medicine was sent home. This proceeding—adopted purely to spare my time and my temper—has had a result which I never contemplated. It has stopped the interested visits paid by that scoundrel Benjulia to the landlady of this house.

"Poor, foolish Mr. Null, finding nothing to astonish him in my course of medicine—as represented by the chemist's book—appears, by his own confession, to have copied the prescriptions with a malicious object in view. 'I have sent them,' he informs me, in a second letter, 'to Doctor Benjulia, in order that he, too, may learn something in his profession from the master who has dispensed with our services.' This new effort of irony means (thanks to the deceitful evidence of the chemist's book) that I stand self-condemned of vanity in presuming to rely on my own resources.

"But I am grateful to Mr. Null, notwithstanding; he has done me a service in meaning to do me an injury. My imperfect prescriptions have quieted the mind of the man to whom he sent them. This wretch's distrust has long since falsely suspected me of some professional rivalry pursued in secret; the feeling showed itself again, when I met with him by accident on the night of my return to London. Since Mr. Null has communicated with him, we have been spared the insult of his visits. The landlady (the only person who consented to see him) is no longer perplexed and offended by his questions—all relating to the course of treatment which I was pursuing up-stairs.

"You now understand why I have ventured to trouble you on a purely professional topic. To turn to matters of more interest—our dear Carmina is well enough to remember you and to send her love to you and the girls. But even this little effort is followed by fatigue.

"I don't mean only fatigue of body; that is now a question of time and care. I mean fatigue of mind—expressing itself by defect of memory.

"On the morning when the first positive change for the better appeared, I was at her bedside when she woke. She looked at me in amazement. 'Why didn't you warn me of your sudden return?' she asked. 'I have only written to you to-day—to your bankers at Quebec! What does it mean?' I did my best to soothe her and succeeded. There is a complete lapse in her memory—I am only too sure of it! She has no recollection of anything that has happened, since she wrote a last letter to me, between two and three weeks since—a letter which I ought to have received before I left Quebec. This forgetfulness of the dreadful trials through which my poor darling has passed, is, in itself, a circumstance which we must all rejoice over for her sake. But I am discouraged by it at the same time; fearing it may indicate some more serious injury than I have yet discovered.

Miss Minerva—what should I do without the help and sympathy of that best of true women?—Miss Minerva has cautiously tested her memory in other directions with encouraging results, so far. But I shall not feel easy until I have tried further experiments by means of some person who does not possess Miss Minerva's powerful influence over her, and whose memory is naturally occupied with what we older people call trifles. When you all leave Scotland next month bring Zoe here with you. My dear little correspondent is just the sort of a quaint child I want for the purpose. Kiss her for me till she is out of breath—and say that is what I mean to do when we meet."

The return to London took place in the last week in October. Lord and Lady Northlake went to their town residence, taking Maria and Zoe with them. There were associations connected with Fairfield Gardens which made the prospect of living there—without even the society of his children—unendurable to Mr. Gallilee. Ovid's house, still waiting the return of its master, was open to his stepfather. The poor man was only too glad (in his own expressive language) "to keep the nest warm for his son."

The latest inquiries made at the asylum were hopefully answered. Thus far the measures taken to restore Mrs. Gallilee to herself had succeeded beyond expectation. But one unfavorable symptom remained. She was habitually silent. When she did speak, her mind seemed to be occupied with scientific subjects; she never mentioned her husband or any member of the family. Time and attention would remove this drawback. In two months more, perhaps, if all went well, she might return to her family and her friends as sane a woman as ever.

Calling at Fairfield Gardens for any letters that might be waiting there, Mr. Gallilee received a circular in lithographed writing, accompanied by a roll of thick white paper. The signature revealed the familiar name of Mr. Le Frank.

The circular set forth that the writer had won renown and a moderate income as pianist and teacher of music. "A terrible accident, ladies and gentlemen, has injured my right hand, and has rendered amputation of two of my fingers necessary. Deprived for life of my professional resources, I have but one means of subsistence left—viz.—collecting subscriptions for a song of my own composition. N.B.—The mutilated musician leaves the question of terms in the hands of the art-loving public, and will do himself the honor of calling to-morrow."

Good natured Mr. Gallilee left a sovereign to be given to the victim of circumstances, and then set forth for Lord Northlake's house. He and Ovid had arranged that Zoe was to be taken to see Carmina that day. On his way through the streets he was met by Mr. Mool. The lawyer looked at the song under his friend's arm. "What's that you're taking such care of?" he asked. "It looks like music. A new piece for the young ladies, eh?"

Mr. Gallilee entered into the necessary ex-

planation. Mr. Mool struck his stick on the pavement as the nearest available means of expressing indignation.

"Never let another farthing of your money get into that rascal's pocket! It's no merit of his that the poor old Italian nurse has not made her appearance in the police reports." With this preface, Mr. Mool related the circumstances under which Mr. Le Frank had met with his accident. "His first proceeding when they discharged him from the hospital," continued the angry lawyer, "was to summon Teresa before a magistrate. Fortunately she showed the summons to me. I appeared for her, provided with a plan of the rooms which spoke for itself; and I put two questions to the complainant. What business had he in another person's room? and why was his hand in that other person's cupboard? The reporter kindly left the case unrecorded, and when the fellow ended by threatening the poor woman outside the court, we bound him over to keep the peace. I have my eye on him, and I'll catch him yet under the Vagrant Act!"

## CHAPTER LXI.

AIDED by time, care and skill, Carmina had gained strength enough to pass some hours of the day in the sitting-room; reclining in an invalid-chair invented for her by Ovid. The welcome sight of Zoe—brightened and developed by happy Autumn days passed in Scotland—brought a deep flush to her face, and quickened the pulse which Ovid was touching, under pretence of holding her hand. These signs of excessive nervous sensibility warned him to limit the child's visit to a short space of time. Neither Miss Minerva nor Teresa was in the room; Carmina could have Zoe all to herself.

"Now, my dear," she said, in a kiss, "tell me about Scotland."

"Scotland," Zoe answered, with dignity, "belongs to Uncle Northlake. He pays for everything; and I'm missus."

"It's true," said Mr. Gallilee, bursting with pride. "My lord says it's no use having a will of your own where Zoe is. When he introduces her to anybody on the estate, he says, 'Here is the missus.'"

Mr. Gallilee's youngest daughter listened critically to the parental testimony. "You see he knows," she said to Ovid. "There's nothing to laugh at."

Carmina tried another question. "Did you think of me, dear, when you were far away?"

"Think of you?" Zoe repeated. "You're to sleep in my bedroom when we go back to Scotland—and I'm to be out of bed, and one of 'em, when you eat your first Scotch dinner. Shall I tell you what you'll see on the table? You'll see a big brown steaming bag in a dish—and you'll see me slit it with a knife—and the bag's fat inside will tumble out, all smoking hot and stinking. That's a Scotch dinner. 'Oh!' she cried, losing her dignity in the sudden interest of a new idea. "Oh, Carmina, do you remember the Italian boy, and his song?"

Here was one of those tests of her memory for trifles, applied with a child's happy abruptness, for which Ovid had been waiting. He listened eagerly. To his unutterable relief, Carmina laughed.

"Of course I remember it!" she said. "Who could forget the boy who sings and grins and says, *gimmee happy penny*?"

"That's it!" cried Zoe. "The boy's song was a good one in its way. I've learnt a better in Scotland. You've heard of Donald, haven't you?"

"No."

Zoe turned indignantly to her father. "Why didn't you tell her of Donald?"

Mr. Gallilee humbly admitted that he was in fault. Carmina asked who Donald was, and what he was like. Zoe unconsciously tested her memory for the second time.

"You know that day," she said, "when Joseph had an errand at the grocer's, and I went along with him, and Miss Minerva said I was a vulgar child?"

Carmina's memory recalled this new trifle without an effort. "I know," she answered; "you told me Joseph and the grocer weighed you in the great scales."

Zoe delighted Ovid by trying her again. "When they put me into the scales, Carmina, what did I weigh?"

"Nearly four stone, dear."

"Quite four stone. Donald weighs fourteen. What do you think of that?"

Mr. Gallilee once more offered his testimony. "The biggest piper on my lord's estate," he began, "comes of a Highland family, and was removed to the Lowlands by my lord's father. A great player—"

"And my friend," Zoe explained, stopping her father in full career. "He takes snuff out of a cow's horn. He shovels it up his fat nose with a spoon, like this. His nose wags. He says, 'Try my sneeshin.' Sneeshin's Scotch for snuff. He boos till he's nearly double when Uncle Northlake speaks to him. Boos is Scotch for bows. He skirls on the pipes—skirls means screeches. When you first hear him he'll make your stomach ache. You'll get used to that—and you'll find you like him. He wears a purse and a petticoat; he never had a pair of trousers on in his life; there's no pride about him; he'll let you pull his nose and smack his legs—"

Here Ovid was obliged to bring the biography of Donald to a close. Carmina's enjoyment of Zoe was becoming too keen for her strength; her bursts of laughter grew louder and louder—the wholesome limit of excitement was being rapidly passed. "Tell us about your cousins," he said, by way of effecting a diversion.

"The big ones?" Zoe asked.

"No; the little ones, like you."

"Nice girls—they play at everything I tell 'em. Jolly boys—when they knock a girl down they pick her up again and clean her."

Carmina was once more in danger of passing the limit. Ovid made another attempt to

effect a diversion. Singing would be comparatively harmless in its effect—as he rashly supposed. "What's that song you learnt in Scotland?" he asked.

"It's Donald's song," Zoe replied. "He taught me."

At the sound of Donald's dreadful name Ovid looked at his watch, and said there was no time for the song. Mr. Gallilee suddenly and seriously aided with his stepson. "How she got among the men after dinner," he said, "nobody knows. Lady Northlake has forbidden Donald to teach her any more songs; and I have requested him, as a favor to me, not to let her smack his legs. Come, my dear, it's time we were home again."

Well intended by both gentlemen—but too late. Zoe was ready for the performance; her hat was cocked on one side; her plump little arms were set akimbo; her round eyes opened and closed facetiously in winks worthy of a low comedian. "I'm Donald," she announced, and burst out with the song:

"We're gayly yet, we're gayly yet,  
We're not very fou, but we're gayly yet,  
Then sit ye a while and tiddle a bit,  
For we're not very fou, but we're gayly yet."

She snatched up Carmina's medicine glass, and waved it over her head with a bacchanalian screech. "Fill a brimmer, Tammie! Here's to Redshanks!"

"And pray who is Redshanks?" asked a lady, standing in the doorway.

Zoe turned round—and instantly collapsed. A terrible figure, associated with lessons and punishments stood before her. The convivial friend of Donald, the established missus of Lord Northlake disappeared, and a polite pupil took their place. "If you please, Miss Minerva, Redshanks is nickname for a Highlander." Who would have recognized the singer of "We're gayly yet," in the subdued young person who made that reply?

The door opened again. Another disastrous intrusion? Yes, another! Teresa appeared this time—caught Zoe up in her arms, and gave the child a kiss that was heard all over the room. "Ah, mia Giocosa!" cried the old nurse, too happy to speak in any language, but her own. "What does that mean?" Zoe asked, settling her ruffled petticoats. "It means," said Teresa, who prided herself on her English, "ah, my jolly." This to a young lady who could slit a haggis! This to the only person in Scotland privileged to smack Donald's legs! Zoe turned to her father and recovered her dignity. Maria herself could scarcely have spoken with more severe propriety. "I wish to go home," said Zoe.

Ovid had only to look at Carmina and to see the necessity of immediate compliance with his little sister's wishes. No more laughing, no more excitement for that day. He led Zoe out himself, and resigned her to her father at the door of his rooms on the ground-floor.

Cheered already by having got away from Miss Minerva and the nurse, Zoe desired to know who lived down-stairs; and, hearing that these were Ovid's rooms, insisted on seeing them. The three went in together.

Ovid drew Mr. Gallilee into a corner. "I'm easy about Carmina now," he said. "The failure of her memory doesn't extend backwards. It begins with the shock to her brain, on the day when Teresa removed her to this house, and it will end, I feel confident, with the end of her illness."

Mr. Gallilee's attention suddenly wandered. "Zoe!" he called out, "don't touch your brother's papers."

The one object that had excited the child's curiosity was the writing-table. Dozens of sheets of paper were scattered over it, covered with writing, blotted and interlined. Some of these leaves had overflowed the table and found a resting-place on the floor. Zoe was amusing herself by picking them up. "Well!" she said, handing them obediently to Ovid, "I've had many a rap on the knuckles for writing not half as bad as yours."

Hearing his daughter's remark Mr. Gallilee became interested in looking at the fragments of manuscripts. "What an awful mess!" he exclaimed. "May I try if I can read a bit?" Ovid smiled. "Try by all means; you will make one useful discovery at least—you will see that the most patient men on the face of the civilized earth are printers!"

Mr. Gallilee tried a page and gave it up before he turned giddy. "Is it fair to ask what this is?" he said.

"Something easy to feel and hard to express," Ovid answered. "These ill-written lines are my offering of gratitude to the memory of an unknown and unhappy man."

"The man you told me of who died at Montreal?"

"Yes."

"You never mentioned his name."

"His last wishes forbade me to mention it to any living creature. God knows there were pitiable, most pitiable reasons for his dying unknown! The stone over his grave only bears his initials and the date of his death. But," said Ovid, kindling with enthusiasm, as he laid his hand on his manuscript, "the discoveries of this great physician shall benefit humanity! And my debt to him shall be acknowledged with the admiration and the devotion that I truly feel."

"In a book?" asked Mr. Gallilee.

"In a book that is now being printed. You will see it before the new year."

Finding nothing to amuse her in the sitting-room, Zoe had tried the bedroom next. She now returned to Ovid, dragging after her a long white staff that looked like an alpenstock. "What is this?" she asked—"a broomstick?"

"A specimen of rare Canadian wood, my dear. Would you like to have it?"

Zoe took the offer quite seriously. She looked with longing eyes at the specimen, three times as tall as herself—and shook her head. "I'm not big enough for it, yet?" she said. "Look at it, papa! Benjulia's stick is nothing to this."

That name—on his sister's lips—had a sound



revolting to Ovid. "Don't speak of him!" he said, irritably.

"Mustn't speak of him," Zoe asked, "when I want him to tickle me?"

Ovid beckoned to her father. "Take her away now," he whispered—"and never let her see that man again."

The warning was needless. The man's destiny had decreed that he and Zoe were never more to meet.

## CHAPTER LXII.

BENJULIA'S servants had but a dull time of it, poor souls, in the lonely house. Towards the end of the year they subscribed among themselves to buy one of those wonderful Christmas Numbers—presenting regularly the same lovely ladies, long legged lovers, and corpulent children, flaming with festive colors—which have become a national institution; say, the pictorial plum-puddings of the English nation.

The servants had plenty of time to enjoy their genial newspaper before the dining-room bell disturbed them.

For some weeks past the master had again begun to spend the whole of his time in the mysterious laboratory. On the rare occasions when he returned to the house he was always out of temper. If the servants knew nothing else they knew what these signs meant—the great man was harder at work than ever; and, in spite of his industry, he was not getting on so well as usual.

On this particular evening the bell rang at the customary time—and the cook hastened to get the dinner ready. The footman turned to the dresser and took from it a little heap of newspapers, carefully counting them before he ventured to carry them up-stairs. This was Doctor Benjulia's regular weekly supply of medical literature; and here, again, the mysterious man presented an incomprehensible problem to his fellow-creatures. He subscribed to every medical publication in London—and he never read one of them! The footman cut the leaves; and the master, with his forefinger to help him, ran his eye up and down the pages, apparently in search of some announcement that he never found—and, still more extraordinary, without showing the faintest sign of disappointment when he had done. Every week he briskly shoved his unread periodicals into a huge basket, and sent them down-stairs as waste paper.

The footman took up the newspapers and the dinner together—and was received with frowns and curses. He was abused for everything that he did in his own department, and for everything that the cook had done besides. "Whatever the master's working at," he announced, on returning to the kitchen, "he's further away from hitting the right nail on the head than ever. Upon my soul, I think I shall have to give warning! Let's relieve our minds. Where's the Christmas Number?"

Half an hour later the servants were startled by a tremendous bang of the household which shook the whole building. The footman ran up-stairs; the dining-room was empty; the master's hat was not on its peg in the hall; and the medical newspapers were scattered about in the wildest confusion. Close to the fender lay a crumpled leaf, torn out. Its position suggested that it had narrowly missed being thrown into the fire. The footman smoothed it out and looked at it.

One side of the leaf contained a report of a lecture. This was dry reading. The footman tried the other side, and found a review of a new medical work.

This would have been dull reading, too, but for an extract from a preface, stating how the book came to be published, and what wonderful discoveries relating to peoples' brains it contained. There were some curious things said here—especially about a melancholy deathbed at a place called Montreal—which made the preface almost as interesting as a story. But what was there in this to hurry the master out of the house as if the devil had been at his heels?

Doctor Benjulia's nearest neighbor was a small farmer named Gregg. He was taking a nap that evening when his wife bounced into the room, and said, "Here's the big doctor gone mad!" And there he was truly, at Mrs. Gregg's heels, clamoring to have the horse put to in the gig, and to be driven to London instantly. He said, "Pay yourself what you please"—and opened his pocket-book, full of bank-notes. Mr. Gregg said, "It seems, sir, this is a matter of life and death." Whereupon he looked at Mr. Gregg—and considered a little—and, becoming quiet on a sudden, answered, "Yes, it is."

On the road to London he never once spoke—except to himself—and then only from time to time. It seemed, judging by what tell from him now and then, that he was troubled about a man and a letter. He had suspected the man all along; but he had nevertheless given him the letter and now it had ended in the letter turning out badly for Doctor Benjulia himself. Where he went to in London it was not possible to say. Mr. Gregg's horse was not fast enough for him. As soon as he could find one he took a cab.

The shopman of Mr. Barrable, the famous publisher of medical works, had just put up the shutters and was going down-stairs to his tea, when he heard a knocking at the shop-door. The person proved to be a very tall man, in a violent hurry to buy Doctor Vere's new book. He said, by way of apology, that he was in that line himself, and that his name was Benjulia. The shopman knew him by reputation, and sold him the book. He was in such a hurry to read it that he actually began in the shop. It was necessary to tell him that business hours were over. Hearing this, he ran out, and told the cabman to drive as fast as possible to the Parthenon Club.

The library waiter at the Club found Doctor Benjulia in the library busy with a book. He was quite alone; the members, at that hour of

the evening, being generally at dinner or in the smoking-room. The man whose business it was to attend to the fires, went in during the night, from time to time, and always found him still in the same corner. It began to get late. He finished his reading; but it seemed to make no difference. There he sat, wide awake, holding his closed book on his knee, seemingly lost in his own thoughts. This went on till it was time to close the club. They were obliged to disturb him. He said nothing; and went slowly down into the hall, leaving his book behind him. It was an awful night, raining and sleeting—but he took no notice of the weather. When they fetched a cab the driver refused to take him to where he lived on such a night as that. He only said, "Very well; go to the nearest hotel."

The night porter at the hotel let in a tall gentleman, and showed him into one of the bedrooms kept ready for persons arriving late. Having no luggage, he paid the charges before-hand. About eight o'clock in the morning he rang for the waiter—who observed that his bed had not been slept in. All he wanted for breakfast was the strongest coffee that could be made. It was not strong enough to please him when he tasted it, and he had some brandy put in. He paid, and was liberal to the waiter, and went away.

The policeman on duty that day, whose beat included the streets at the back of Fairfield Gardens, noticed in one of them a tall gentleman walking backwards and forwards, and looking from time to time at one particular house. When he passed that way again, there was the gentleman still patrolling the street and still looking towards the same house. He waited a little and watched. The place was a respectable lodging house, and the stranger was certainly a gentleman, though a queer one to look at. It was not the policeman's business to interfere on suspicion, except in the case of notoriously bad characters. So, though he did think it odd, he went on again.

(To be concluded in our next.)

## MONTREAL'S WINTER CARNIVAL.

HO, for the Snow King and his icy revelry! Ho, for crystal palaces built of glittering blocks and lit by electric lights! Ho, for races on flipperty-floppety snow-shoes! Ho, for tobogganing with a speed that takes the breath away! Ho, for sleigh processions! Ho, for curling and bonspiel! Ho, for the fêtes at Montreal! This quaint city by the St. Lawrence has been "going it" at a pace such as her oldest inhabitant never raved of. Her four walls have been unable to contain the joyous invaders. Hotel-keepers are resting on dollar-bedecked laurels. Boarding-house speculators breathe freely. The proprietors of sleighs and vehicles on runners have opened bank accounts. Money has poured in across the border in a miniature Niagara. Never has Montreal seen such spacious times—no, not even in the glorious "garrison days." On Tuesday, the 23d, the fêtes commenced, but Wednesday was the gala day. The opening spectacle consisted of a sleigh parade, over 2,000 of these vehicles turning out, many attached to four, and not a few to six horses. Later on came the snowshoe steeplechase up the side of that hill so dear to the citizens of Montreal known as Mount Royal. The competitors, as they waited in line for the starting signal, were a mass of bloom against the white snow, their red and blue and green and yellow and purple jerseys and caps merging into a charming color-combination. At night all Montreal turned out to witness the inauguration of the ice palace, and a wondrous sight it was to behold, as the crystal blocks of which it was composed became suddenly converted into gigantic diamonds, the electric light from within producing this novel, fairy-like and entrancing effect. Still later, and the fascinations of the perilous toboggan burst into bloom. Old and young, grave and gay, strangers and pilgrims, all "took a dart" down the precipitous ice-veneered slope, their wild screams of delight and howls of ecstasy making the frosty air ring out again.

The Curling Bonspiel must not be omitted, the rinks being simply perfect, and the play such as would have brought joy to the heart of Colonel de Winton, Lord Lorne's P. S. and the most devoted curler in the Dominion. A torchlight procession, consisting of several hundred torch-bearers, wound its way up to the summit of Mount Royal to the spot where the gallant and loyal Colonel Stevenson dragged his battery to salute the Prince of Wales; and this manoeuvre having been executed in secret, and at day-dawn, the worthy citizens, as might be expected, were nearly scared to death. On Thursday a magnificent banquet was given by the Corporation to the distinguished visitors, after which followed a fancy-dress ball. The festivities were continued with novel features during the two following days. That Montreal *jêtes* will set many a tongue wagging for many a long day goes without saying. We illustrate the event elsewhere.

## THE LOSS OF THE "CIMBRIA."

ANOTHER shocking disaster is added to the long list of ocean horrors in the loss of the steamship *Cimbria*, of the Hamburg-American Line, which was run down and sunk in the North Sea early on the morning of January 19th. The *Cimbria* had left Hamburg the previous day with 402 passengers, mostly in the steerage, and a crew numbering 94 officers and men. Soon after midnight a fog set in, which increased in density until the engines of the *Cimbria* were reduced to half-speed, and then to slow speed. About ten minutes after two o'clock the whistle of another steamer was heard, and almost immediately her green light appeared through the fog only 150 feet away. The *Cimbria's* engines were instantly stopped, but it was too late to prevent a collision, and the two vessels dashed into each other. The other steamer, which proved to be the *Sultan*, of Hull, sustained heavy damage, but continued to float, and ultimately reached port in safety. The *Cimbria* was struck about her first collision-bulkhead on the port side, and sank within a quarter of an hour.

The scenes on board the *Cimbria* after the collision defy description. The passengers, many of whom were women and children, woke up suddenly and rushed on deck higher and higher, screaming with terror. First one boat was lowered and then another. There were eight boats, but the ship sank so rapidly on the starboard side that many people fell into the water. The four boats on the port side were quickly filled with people, but could not be lowered on account of the angle at which the ship lay. The four on the starboard side safely reached the water, but boat No. 5 capsized, and those in it struggled for a short time and then sank. Boat No. 7, under command of the second officer, with twenty-eight persons, and another boat with eleven persons, got away safely, and, after drifting twelve hours, were picked up near Cuxhaven. A third boat, with seventeen persons, was rescued by the bark *Diamant*, bound from New York to Bremen. These were all that were saved.

All of the survivors praise in the highest terms

the conduct of the captain and crew of the *Cimbria*, who never moved from their posts, and did everything in the power of man to save life until they themselves were engulfed in the waves. Captain Hansen stood till the last moment on the bridge. The first officer, Karlows, held burning torches while the passengers were entering the boats, and worked for the benefit of the passengers to the last moment, when he fell a victim to the waves. Second officer Spruthzen with an axe was cutting off wood-work for rafts for the passengers while the ship was going under water, and after sinking he was picked up by one of the boats. The third and fourth officers were also picked up out of the water. Though the officers did their duty nobly, they were unable to maintain order. Men, women and children were mad with fear. Those who had secured places had a violent struggle to keep the boat from being swamped.

The most serious charges are made against the captain of the *Sultan*, who, although he soon found that his own vessel was in the danger zone, fired any guns nor answered the lights of distress burned by the *Cimbria*. The survivors say that, if he had taken the trouble to act humanely he might have saved a hundred lives. He was only two ships' lengths away when the *Cimbria's* officers were clearing their boats. The latter saw her lights for a short time and saw a light lowered, and believed her captain about to send off boats, but in a few minutes her lights disappeared. The officers of the *Sultan* have been arrested, and a searching investigation has been instituted.

The passengers of the *Cimbria* were almost all of them emigrants from various parts of Germany, especially from Eastern Prussia and the province of Posen. Of the women on board only three were saved. One was a young Polish girl, who was on her way to join her parents in America, with her aunt, who was drowned before her eyes. Another girl saved herself by holding fast to the edge of the boat. She could only be dragged into it after an hour and a half's immersion.

## SCENES IN ALASKA.

ALTHOUGH it is now about fifteen years since Secretary Seward engineered the purchase of Alaska from Russia by the United States, most people have still but a vague idea of the vast territory thus added to our possessions. Vast indeed is Alaska, comprehending as it does an area of 508,107 square miles, which is more than twice the size of the great State of Texas. It is a picturesque region, abounding in lofty mountain ranges, with peaks reaching the height of 17,000 feet, and occasional volcanoes. Although Alaska is so far north, the climate is by no means so cold as is generally supposed. The latitude of Sitka is not much higher than that of Copenhagen, and a large portion of the country lies no further north than the most thickly inhabited portions of Sweden and Norway. On the coast the summer is generally warm, sunny and pleasant, owing in part to the influence of the Gulf Stream of the Pacific. On the upper part of the river Yukon, the principal stream of the territory, the heat in summer is represented to be sometimes really intense. Even in winter the cold is not so severe as might be expected. At Sitka Sound ice is never formed, and the winter temperature is about that of Washington, D. C.

The population of Alaska, according to the census of 1880, is 32,179, of whom the overwhelming majority, 28,724, are savage Indians. There are 1,890 Aleutians, which is the name given to a branch of the Innuit or Esquimaux stock, and 1,173 creoles or Russian half-breeds. The entire white population of the whole vast region reaches a total of only 392 souls, all but 55 of whom are men. Nearly two-thirds of this population is located in Sitka and its neighborhood, 153 being found in the capital, or chief town, as Sitka would more properly be called, since there is really no form of government in the territory. The whole population of Sitka is reported by an officer of the Revenue Marine as 325 persons, exclusive of about 1,000 Indians who roam the country during the summer and spend the winter there. Fort Wrangel has a permanent white population of 75 persons, and there are also about 250 Indians. From 200 to 300 miners, who belong to British Columbia, pass the winter at this place, and in the summer about 2,000 Indians gather in the vicinity.

Seal-hunting is the most profitable employment, unless mining be excepted, as it must be if recent reports of the operations of mines already opened and of promising finds not yet fully explored are to be credited. The agricultural resources of the region are limited, and it is not probable that it can ever support a large population, although its furs and mines will doubtless give employment to many more people in the future than in the past. To the lover of nature a trip to Alaska is full of interest. The voyage from San Francisco to Sitka has no parallel in ocean travel. Out of the whole distance of 1,236 miles there are no more than 300 miles of open sea voyage. The rest of the journey the steamer plows the smooth, placid waters of rivers, narrow channels, straits and reaches, skirted on either side by steep, woody banks, high, rocky shores and towering islands, pushing their glittering summits far above the dusky region of hemlock and spruce. Sitka and the surrounding country present many curious and novel sights, with their strange mixture of wild scenery, dingy native villages, and the last outpost of civilization.

We illustrate Sitka and Fort Wrangel and show also an Indian "totem," or idol. The field for missionary work in Alaska, whose natives are quite as truly pagan as the negroes of mid-Africa, is a vast one, but it has already been entered upon by various Christian denominations with considerable confidence.

## Death-roll of the Week.

JANUARY 21ST.—In New York city, John W. Quincy, a prominent hardware dealer, aged 69; at Petersburg, Va., John B. Fuller, of Tolland, Conn., a prominent citizen; at Berlin, Germany, Prince Frederick Charles Alexander, brother of the Emperor, aged 81. *January 22d*.—In New York city, Alfred Brady, a well-known iron founder, aged 65; at Troy, N. Y., George G. Burdett, a prominent stove manufacturer, aged 62; at London, England, Mrs. Ann Eliza Bray, the authoress; in Germany, Wolfgang Goethe, grandson of the poet; at Brussels, Belgium, William Geefs, a well-known sculptor, aged 76. *January 23d*.—In New York city, Dr. George M. Beard, a well-known physician and specialist in insanity, aged 42; at Brooklyn, N. Y., Alonzo Crittenden, President of the Packer Collegiate Institute and a famous teacher, aged 81; at Northampton, Mass., Charles Delano, a leading lawyer and ex-Congressman, aged 62; at Bellefontaine, O., Dr. Edward H. Knight, a well-known author; at Paris, France, Gustave Doré, the famous painter, aged 51. *January 24th*.—At Providence, R. I., Samuel S. Greene, Professor of Mathematics in Brown University, aged 72; at New Philadelphia, O., James Patrick, Sr., a veteran journalist, aged 91; at Hudson, N. Y., John S. Mollen, an old-time Hudson River captain, aged 68. *January 25th*.—At Halifax, Vt., Rev. Samuel Fish, for fifty years pastor of the Baptist church, and the oldest clergyman of that denomination in the State, aged 94; at Omaha, Neb., Rev. George L. Little, synodical missionary for the Presbyterian Church in Nebraska, aged 55; at Vienna, Austria, Baron Frederick von Flotow, the well-known composer, aged 70; at Fort Vancouver, Washington Territory, Major Edward D. Baker, Quartermaster United States Army. *January 26th*.—At New Haven, Conn., George Ailing, a large lumber-dealer; at Fort Snelling, Minn., Colonel William W. Sanders, Fifth Infantry, Assistant Adjutant-general on the staff of General Terry.

## PERSONAL GOSSIP.

MR. SPURGEON is in failing health again, and is only able to preach one sermon each Sunday.

MISS MARY DICKENS, eldest grandchild of Charles Dickens, aged nineteen, is about to become an actress.

KING ALFONSO has received from Prince Louis Ferdinand of Bavaria a formal demand for the hand of the Infanta Maria de la Paz.

SENATOR FRYE's house at Lewiston, Me., caught fire last week, and the inside was burned out, though the furniture was mostly saved.

MONTGOMERY BLAIN has purchased the estate of his deceased father at Silver Spring, Montgomery County, Md., which comprises 514 acres, for \$22,000.

MR. PARNELL has gone to North Germany to investigate the factories there for converting peat into stable litter, which industry he desires to promote in Ireland.

THE late Robert L. Stuart, of New York, left his vast estate absolutely to his widow, who will carry out his benevolent intentions regarding its final disposition.

THE President gave a dinner to the Diplomatic Corps last week, at which his sister, Mrs. McElroy, of Albany, who is to spend some weeks at the White House, did the honors.

A BILL has been introduced in the House granting a pension of \$50 a month to the widow of George W. De Long, commander of the Arctic expedition, who perished in Siberia.

DR. HANS VON BULOW, the famous pianist, is now confined in a lunatic asylum, under treatment for a temporary aberration of mind, caused by too close application to his profession.

THE second auction sale of pews in Dr. Talma's Brooklyn Tabernacle last week netted \$3,285 in premiums above the fixed rental of \$14,000, which swells the total income to over \$25,000.

THE retirement from the army of General Sherman in a few months will advance General Sheridan to the rank of General of the Army, and probably General Hancock to the rank of Lieutenant-general.

THE Pope has appointed to the vacant See of Charleston, S. C., in succession to the late Bishop Lynch, Monsignor Northrup, and to the new See of Grand Rapids, Mich., its first bishop, Monsignor Richter.

PRINCE CHARLES OF Prussia, who recently died in his eighty-second year, was one of the greatest smokers in the world, having for the past sixty years smoked from eighteen to twenty-four strong Havanas daily.

CHARLES DOWNING, the pomologist, of Newbury, N. Y., has recovered, in spite of his weight of eighty-two years, from the dangerous hurt received in a runaway accident last Fall. He still shows the liveliest interest in fruit culture.

NEARLY every article of clothing belonging to the late Mrs. Maria Appleby, who died at Morristown, N. J., aged 105 years, was found to contain rolls of bank-bills. A pair of shoes in her bureau were filled with coin. Nearly \$8,000 was found.

MRS. COOPER, the famous English lady rider, while riding with the Cheshire hounds, was thrown from her horse and killed in the hunting-field before a crowd of friends, who witnessed the shocking scene without having it in their power to help her.

IT is stated that the Prince of Wales and suite will visit Canada the first week in March next, and will remain in this country until after the meeting of the Scientific Association. It is also said that the party will probably visit the prominent cities of the United States.

FRANK JAMES, the Missouri bandit, was arraigned at Kansas City last week on two old charges of murder and participation in a bank robbery, which were dropped by the prosecution, and he was then held in \$3,500 bail on a fresh charge of complicity in a train robbery at Blue Cut in September, 1881.

JOSEPH MEDBERRY, who died in Rochester, N. Y., recently, left an estate appraised at \$1,500,000. The bulk of the property goes to his widow, two brothers and two nieces. Twenty-six other relatives receive small sums of from \$500 to \$8,000, and there are many \$2,000 bequests to charitable institutions.

THE children of Kit Carson, the famous scout, who, when he died, was lieutenant-colonel in the army, are living in Las Vegas, New Mexico. Mrs. Carson is dead, the eldest daughter is a widow, and there are four other children, all of whom are in needy circumstances. A bill to grant them a pension was introduced in Congress last week.

THE Senate Committee on Education has reported favorably a resolution thanking John F. Slater, the Norwich (Conn.) philanthropist, in the name of the people of the United States and authorizing the striking of a gold medal to be presented to him on account of his gift of \$1,000,000 for the education of negroes in the South.

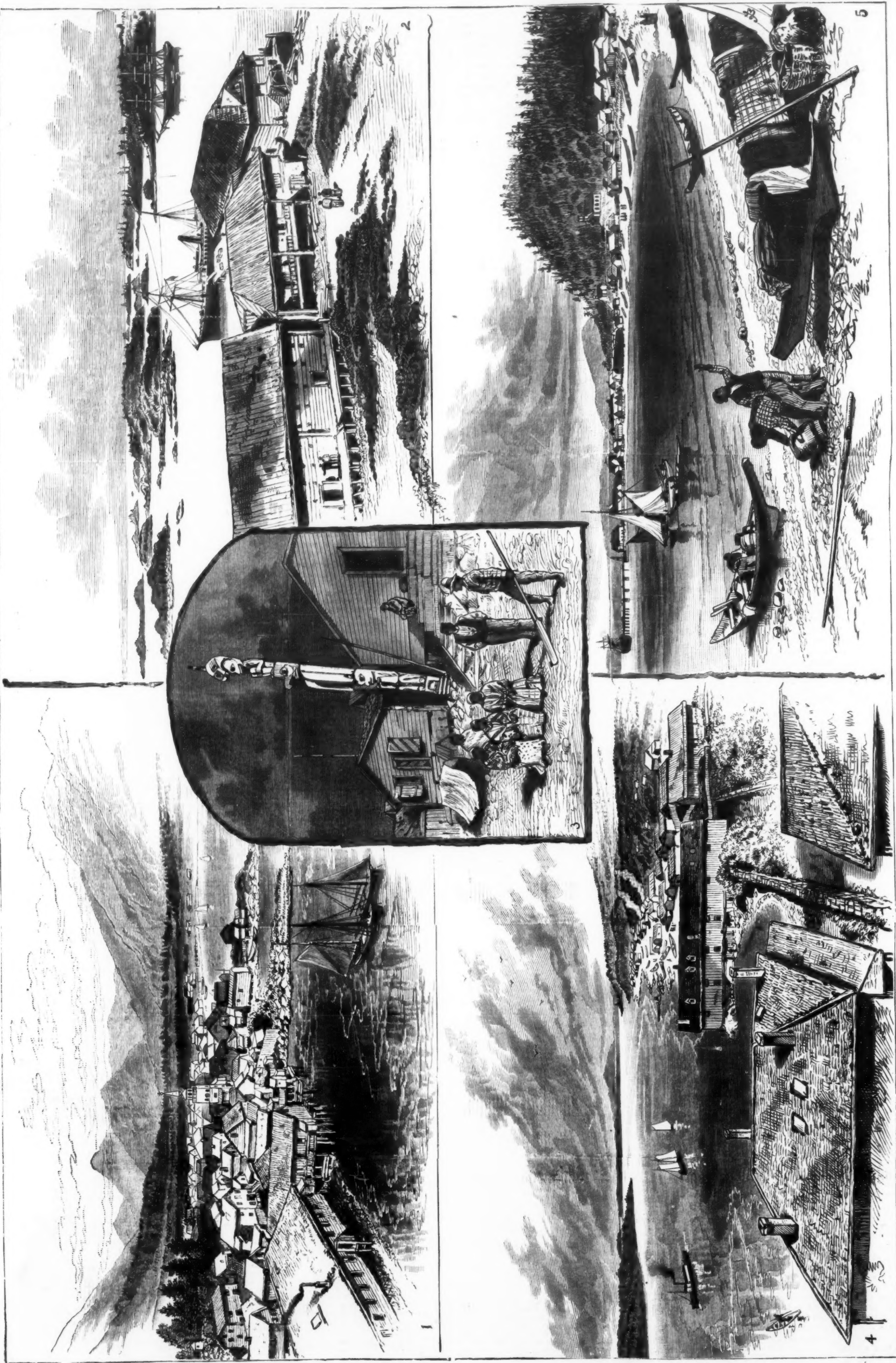
HENRY VAN DER WYDE, court photographer of the British royal household, is a native of Roundout, N. Y. He was once the assistant of the late Professor Henry Draper. During the war he served with distinguished gallantry in the Sixty-fifth New York Volunteers. Afterwards he went to England, and was soon sent for by the Queen and appointed royal photographer.

BISHOP SPAULDING of Peoria, Ill., is trying to found a great Roman Catholic University near New York, and has secured pledges of over \$1,000,000, one person having subscribed \$720,000. Bishop Spaulding is now in Europe to lay his plans before the Pope, and on his return he will devote himself to the great work upon which he has entered. The Roman Catholic Church has no great educational institution in the United States of the kind proposed.

BEFORE leaving England for Cannes, where his health is improving, Mr. Gladstone completed the reconstruction of the Cabinet and filled the vacant bishoprics with Canon Wilkinson and Dr. Lewis, both High Churchmen. The appointment of Mr. Brand to the Ordnance Department absorbs a discontented Whig; the appointment of Mr. Cross to the India Office satisfies the Radicals; and even the Tories are content on account of Mr. Cross's known business qualities and courtesy.

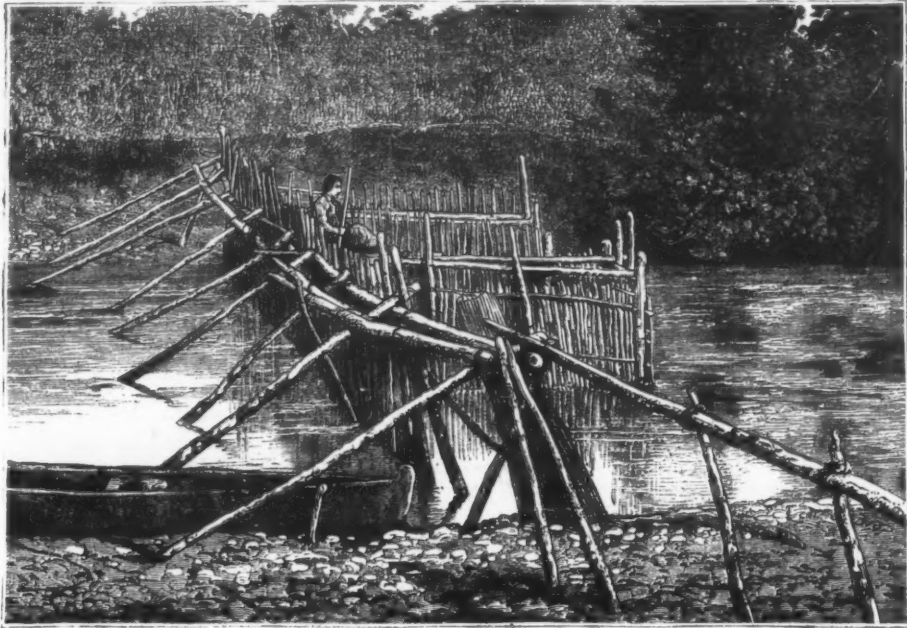
ALEXANDER BURTON, whom Governor Butler has appointed Executive Messenger at the Massachusetts State House, is a native of France, and came to this country in boyhood. During the anti-slavery agitation in Boston, before the War, at the time when the negro Burns was locked up in the Court House, Burton was claimed by a Georgian as a fugitive slave. He was arrested and thrown into jail, and only obtained his freedom through the strenuous efforts of Wendell Phillips and other anti-slavery leaders.





1. Sitka. 2. Bay of Sitka. 3. The "Totem" (Idol) of the Alaska Indian. 4. Old Indian Sitka. 5. Fort Wrangel. ALASKA.—SCENES AT OLD AND NEW SITKA AND FORT WRANGEL.—FROM PHOTOS, AND SKETCHES BY CONELIN.—SEE PAGE 395.

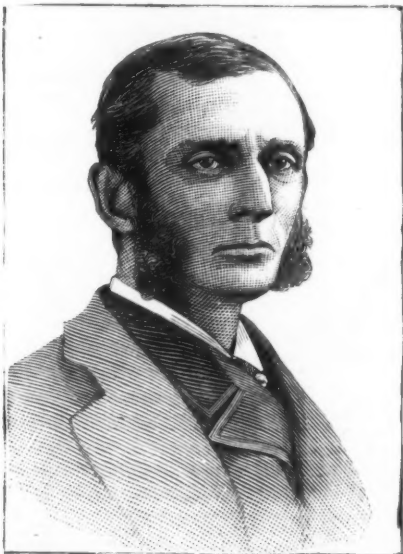




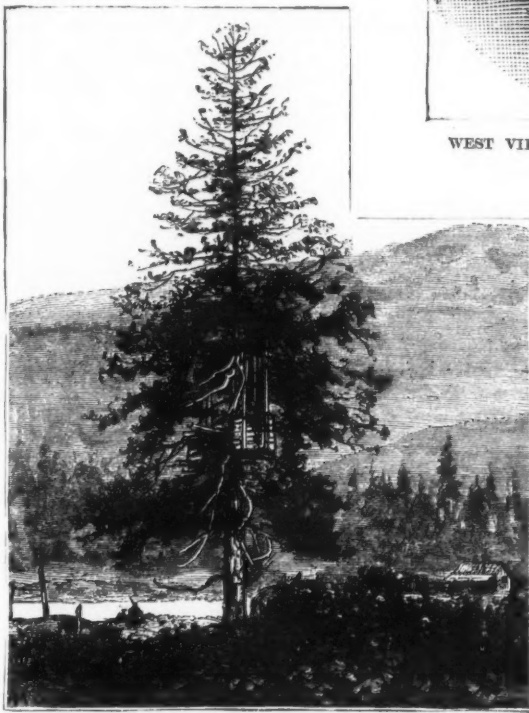
BRITISH COLUMBIA.—SALMON-WEIR ON THE COWICHAN RIVER, EAST COAST OF VANCOUVER ISLAND.

## VIEWS IN BRITISH COLUMBIA.

SALMON-WEIRS on Vancouver Island usually belong to the chiefs of Indian tribes, and struggles for their possession not unfrequently occur between the owners and hostile rivals. That which we illustrate is located at the Quamichan Indian village, on the Cowichan River, and fairly represents the general construction of all weirs on the island. During the salmon season an Indian will remain seated, as depicted in the view, with the trap-door of the weir up both by day and also by night. As soon as a salmon enters, he lets down the trap-door, and spears the fish, which cannot possibly escape when once inside. We also give a picture of an Indian salmon "cache," showing its position high up in a pine-tree for greater security in storing the fish for winter use. These are very ingenious structures, the supports being formed of poles and planks tied and fastened together in such a way as to sustain a very heavy weight. These depots are always scrupulously respected. The Indians also store in trees dried roots for winter use, and bark or rush cradles are sometimes likewise suspended in bushes or from the branches of trees.



NEW YORK.—THE LATE DR. GEO. M. BEARD.

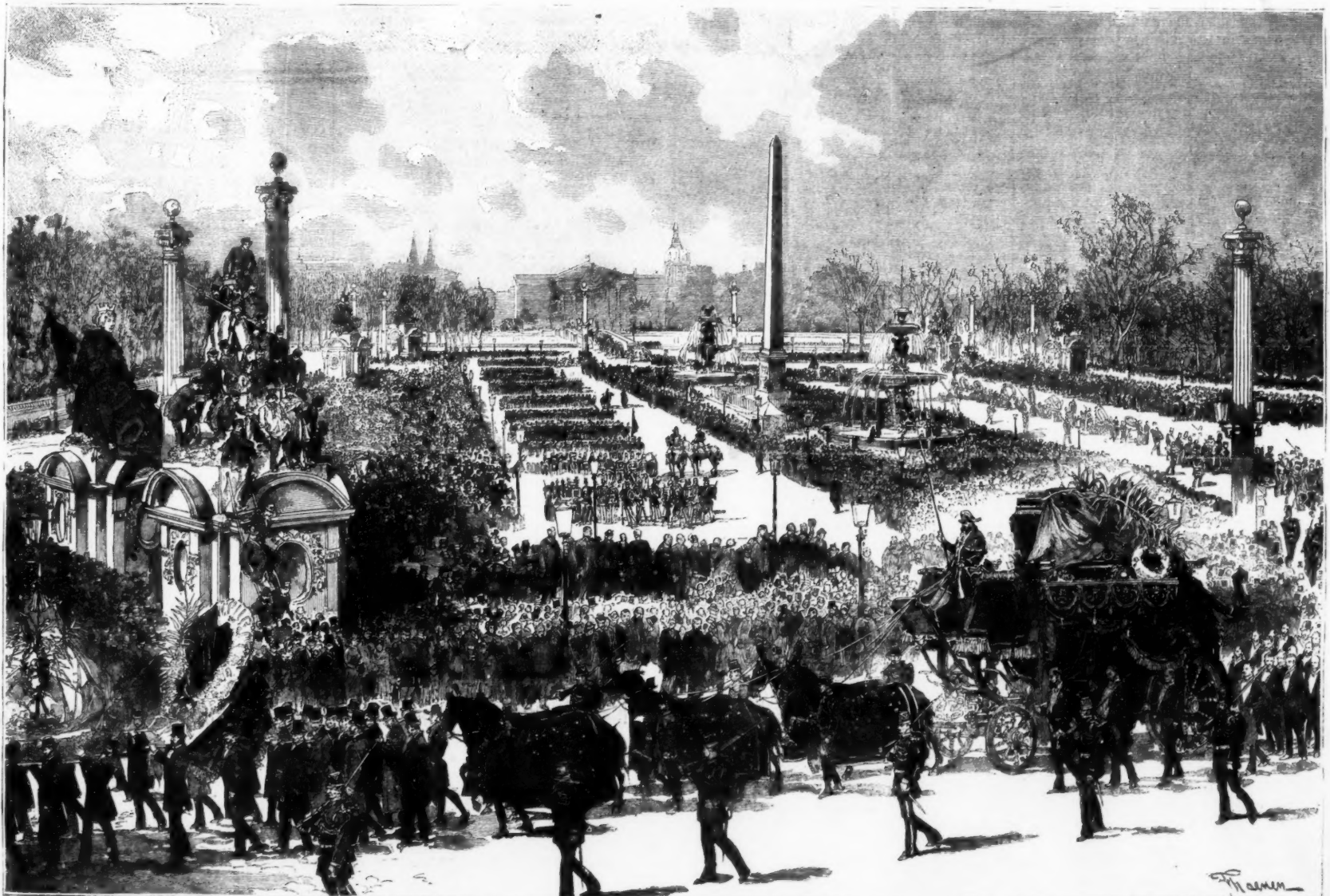


BRITISH COLUMBIA.—AN INDIAN SALMON "CACHE."

WEST VIRGINIA.—HON. JOHN E. KENNA, U. S. SENATOR-ELECT.  
FROM A PHOTO. BY L. C. DILLON.—SEE PAGE 398.

## THE LATE DR. GEORGE M. BEARD.

DR. GEORGE M. BEARD, who died suddenly in New York city on the 23d of January, at the age of forty-three, had for many years been a conspicuous figure in the scientific world. Born at Montville, Conn., he prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and in 1862 graduated from Yale, afterwards studying for one year in the medical department of that institution, and in 1866 graduating from the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York city. Upon beginning the practice of medicine, he devoted special attention to the study of nervous diseases, and, after a brief service as surgeon in the navy, in 1868 was lecturer on that class of diseases in the University of New York. From 1873 to 1876 he was physician to the Demilt Dispensary in the department of electrotherapeutics and nervous diseases. He was one of the originators and officers of the National Association for the Protection of the Insane and the Prevention of Insanity. Between 1867 and 1876 he gave courses of popular medical lectures. He was a constant contributor to literary and scientific journals and magazines, while his published pamphlets and books number nearly one hundred. He made several visits to Europe, and formed there the acquaintance of many European authorities in science. He was several times a delegate to foreign scientific associations, presented papers to the British Medical Association, and in 1881 was a delegate to the International Medical Congress in London. He was connected professionally, as an expert, with the trials of Guiteau and Cudet Whitaker. Dr. Beard's investigations were confined to the nervous system, in health and in disease, including psychology. All his writings relate to the nervous system. In the application of electricity to the treatment of nervous diseases he was the pioneer in this country. His writings and researches have had much influence in Germany, and his more important works have been translated into German. It was one of Dr. Beard's occupations to investigate the



FRANCE.—THE FUNERAL OF M. GAMBETTA—VIEW OF THE PLACE DE LA CONCORDE DURING THE PASSAGE OF THE PROCESSION.—SEE PAGE 398.



pretensions of professed mind-readers and Spiritualists, and cases of trance life, or any unusual manifestations of life which happened to be for the time exciting public attention. Thus he was an active controversialist in the debates among medical men as to these subjects.

#### HON. JOHN E. KENNA, UNITED STATES SENATOR-ELECT FROM WEST VIRGINIA.

HON. JOHN E. KENNA, who, on the 23d of January, was elected United States Senator from West Virginia to succeed Hon. Henry G. Davis, is still a young man, being scarcely thirty-four years of age. He was born at Valcoulon, Va., on the 10th of April, 1848, and during his early life worked on a farm. He served, though a mere boy, as a private in the Confederate army, and afterwards attended St. Vincent's College at Wheeling. He then studied law; in June, 1870, was admitted to the bar, and has continued the practice of his profession from that time. In 1872, he was elected Prosecuting Attorney for Kanawha County, and served in that capacity until January, 1877, having meanwhile (in 1875) been chosen by the Bar in the respective counties, under statutory provisions, to hold the Circuit Courts of Lincoln and Wayne. He has served three terms in the House of Representatives, and was elected last October a fourth time. He is a man of decided strength of character and ability, and possesses many of the elements of a leader of men. It is not doubted that he will, in his new position, add to the reputation he has already achieved as a safe and careful legislator.

#### THE FUNERAL OF GAMBETTA.

THE funeral of Gambetta, which occurred at Paris on January 6th, was in many respects the most remarkable that the French capital has ever seen, and the procession has been pronounced the grandest that ever passed through its streets. The coffin which contained the dead statesman's remains was removed from the Palais Bourbon, where they had been lying in state, and placed on the funeral car. This was a wheeled platform, on which rested a sort of pyramid, upon which the coffin was placed. The procession was headed by a detachment of the Republican Guard, after which followed three cars filled with offerings of flowers and immortelles. After this came delegates from almost every town in France, to the number of 52,000—representatives of the whole official and diplomatic world, political associations, Freemasons, and representatives of every trade and profession. The size of the procession may be inferred from the fact that it took two hours to pass any point as it wound its way through several of the principal streets to the cemetery of Père-Lachaise.

#### The Salvation Army's Year-book.

"DURING the year 1882, 609 of our soldiers, to our knowledge, have been knocked down, kicked, or otherwise brutally assaulted, 251 being women and children under fifteen. No less than fifty-six of the buildings used by us have been attacked, nearly all the windows being broken in many cases, and in many others even more serious damage being done. Meetings have sometimes been broken up by stones crashing through windows or roof. Such is General Booth's report of the casualties of the 'Salvation War in 1882.' In a curious and characteristic year-book which has just been published. Whatever may be thought of the methods of the Army, the reports contained in this volume, collected for the most part from impartial newspapers, are discreditable to the last degree to the magistracy and the mob of many small towns in the southwest of England. Nor can the Home Office be regarded free from blame. The scandalous riot at Houlton recently—a riot likely to be repeated periodically until murder has been done or the Home Office interferes—is largely due to the apparent acquiescence of Sir W. Harcourt in the refusal of the local authorities to maintain the peace and protect the lives and property of law-abiding citizens.

#### Aluminium and its Alloys.

THE accounts in late English journals of the newly discovered process of making cheaper aluminium leave little doubt that this metal will have vastly extended use. It is true the new process does not cheapen aluminium so as to bring its price anywhere near that of iron or steel. But the discovery by Mr. Webster that aluminium, hitherto ranking almost as one of the precious metals, may be deposited on several other metals and may be soldered and welded, adds very greatly to the value of his discovery of the cheaper and quicker method of producing the metal itself. By the new process aluminium is obtained at a cost of about five hundred dollars per ton—a reduction of about eighty per cent. on the old price. These figures bring it, when used as an alloy, within the possibility of economic employment in many manufactures for which it is preferable to any metal now known. Its conductivity to the galvanic current is set down as eight times better than that of iron, and as it does not rust, it may be highly useful for telegraphic purposes. Already samples of wire made from Mr. Webster's aluminium bronze have been sent to Glasgow and London, and are being tested, it is said, in the latter city for electric purposes. But the great tensility and lightness of aluminium, as well as its being rust-proof, indicate, perhaps, a large demand for it for ship-fittings, and especially for steamship-propellers. This alloy will bear a strain, it is said, of forty-two tons to the square inch, or fourteen tons more than gun-metal and twelve more than Bessemer-steel. If its cost can be sufficiently reduced to make it available for propellers, one of the weakest points in steamship-machinery could be strengthened and the safety of ocean navigation greatly increased.

#### How Diamonds Change Color.

SOME very interesting and important experiments with diamonds have lately been made at the Paris Academy of Sciences. An experienced diamond merchant bought, not long ago, a fine white diamond for \$4,600. One morning he gave it a good washing with soap and water, when what was his consternation to find that it had turned yellow, which sent its value down to \$800. The matter was brought to the attention of the Academy, and experts submitted a report, which showed that diamond whitening is a fraud easy to accomplish and easy to detect. By plunging a yellow diamond into an aniline violet dye it becomes white, while at the same time it loses neither its transparency nor brilliancy; in fact, on making the experiment, the experts had in a few minutes transformed yellow stones into what appeared magnificent white stones of five fold value. Take a yellow diamond, dip it even into no stronger dye than violet ink, wash it with water to remove any discoloration, and the effect is immediate. The dried diamond remains white. But, on the other hand, the illusion is of short duration. Rub the stone even lightly and the yellow tint is seen coming back again, and a little further attrition with the finger restores the pristine hue completely. This discovery may entail upon many persons a rude

awakening to the fact that the stones they have are of far less value than they supposed, and will necessitate even greater care than that hitherto exercised in purchasing.

#### Mrs. Garfield's Home.

MRS. GARFIELD is now living in her new home in Cleveland—a plain, unpretentious, but cheery and attractive house. The mother of the late President and the wife of Dr. Boynton are spending the Winter with her. She is said to be now looking much better than she has before since her bereavement, although marks of age, care and sorrow are fixed upon her face. She is often visited by artists competing for the \$10,000 prize offered by the Ohio Legislature for the best work of Garfield, who seek her approval of their work. When one of them called on her a few days ago (writes a correspondent who accompanied him), Mrs. Garfield gave the bust a quick, sidelong glance, and then approaching it closer, looked at it steadily and in a most critical manner for several moments. Then she spoke: "It looks far more like Stanley Matthews," and then, after another inspection; "No, I can't say that it resembles the General to any great extent," and the disappointed artist sadly withdrew.

#### The Heads of Great Men.

IT is usually supposed that men of great intellectual powers have large and massive heads; but, according to a writer in the *Journal of Science*, the theory, which Dr. Gilbert, physician to Queen Elizabeth, was the first to suggest, is not borne out by facts. An examination of busts, pictures, medallions, *intaglios*, etc., of the world's famous celebrities almost tends the other way. In the earlier paintings, it is true, men are distinguished by their large heads, but this is attributable to the painters, who agreed with the general opinion and wished to flatter their sitters. A receding forehead is mostly condemned. Nevertheless, this feature is found in Alexander the Great, and, to a lesser degree, in Julius Caesar. The head of Frederick the Great, as will be seen from one of the portraits in Carlyle's work, recedes dreadfully. Other great men have had positively small heads. Lord Byron's was "remarkably small," as were those of Lord Bacon and Cosmo di Medici. Men of genius of ancient times have only what may be called an ordinary or everyday forehead, and Herodotus, Alcibiades, Plato, Aristotle and Epicurus, among many others, are mentioned as instances. Some are even low-browed, as Burton, the author of "The Anatomy of Melancholy"; Sir Thomas Browne and Albert Durer. The average forehead of the Greek sculptures in the frieze from the Parthenon is, we are told, "lower, if anything, than what is seen in modern foreheads." The gods themselves are represented with "ordinary, if not low brows." Thus it appears that the popular notion on the matter is erroneous, and that there may be great men without big heads—in other words, a Geneva watch is capable of keeping as good time as an eight-day clock.

#### FUN.

NEVER count your chicken before it is caught.

A LADY who lives in a flat says it's too suite for anything.

THE mania for adulteration is so great that you can't buy a quart of sand and be sure that it is not half sugar.

THE man whose opinion is of no value is always trying to give it away.

No matter if the postage is reduced, it is just as much trouble to lick a two-cent stamp as a three-cent one.

FOR an example of pure and unalloyed contempt, take a barber's opinion of the man who is growing a full beard.

ANOTHER of the Balaklava "six hundred" has died. This reduces the ranks to about nine hundred.

AT a fashionable wedding in Philadelphia, recently, the absent-minded organist played "Empty is the Cradle." He was retired on half pay.

A TEACHER said to a little girl in school, "If a naughty girl should hurt you, like a good girl you would forgive her, wouldn't you?" "Yes, marm," she responded, "if I couldn't catch her."

THEY have a nice old lady in South Boston of the genuine Partingtonian variety. She recently alluded to the illness of a friend with "You see, he had digestion of the lungs, and then it settled into ammonia."

THE Pullman train hadn't run more than ten miles before the robbers headed it. "You're lucky," said one of the passengers to the leader of the gang; "the porter hasn't been through the car yet."

PEOPLE who are constantly inveighing against Mr. Vanderbilt simply because he is rich and spends his money as he likes, should remember that some day they may be rich themselves. Never strike a man when he is down.

A LONDON physician emerges from the black fog long enough to clear his lung and whisper that a cloud of smoke hanging over a city is a great preventive of malaria. A man with a big boil on his nose always boasts that boils are healthy.

A MAN seeing a box-constructor at a zoological garden, asked what the beast had tied himself up in a hard knot like that for? "Oh," said a man, who knew all about natural history, "that's to remind himself of something when he wakes up."

THOREAU'S "Week on the Concord and Merrimack Rivers" did not sell well, and his publishers returned 706 copies of an edition of 1,000. Thoreau stored them in his attic, and then boasted that he had a library of nearly 900 volumes, of which 700 were books he wrote himself.

HERBERT SPENCER, who has worked himself so nearly to death that he hasn't been able to get one full night's sound sleep in three years, says, if we Americans don't work less and recreate more, we will shatter our nervous systems. Spencer is like most doctors—he'd rather prescribe a thousand pills than take one.

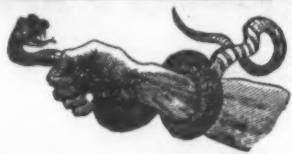
#### "CAN GO TO SLEEP IN A MINUTE."

A GENTLEMAN who had suffered much from insomnia, writes, after using Compound Oxygen: "I can do something now I could never do before using the Oxygen—that is, I can lie down at night and go to sleep almost in a minute—formerly it took me hours; seemingly caused from nervousness." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, its nature, action and results, with reports of cases and full information, sent free. DR. STARKEY & PALLEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

"Oh, yes," said the contented man, "I am just as well satisfied that my horse isn't as fast as me. When I owned a trotter that could get away with anything on the road, I was in front all the time, and didn't half enjoy myself. Now I am behind most of the time, and can see all the fun."

THE sign over the store read as follows: "Books, Stationery, Drugs & Medicines." He went in and asked for a copy of "C. O. in Children," and the clerk handed him a bottle of DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP.

## CATARRH



### SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Head Colds, Watery Discharges from the Nose and Eyes, Ringing Noises in the Head, Nervous Headache and Fever instantly relieved. Choking mucus dislodged, membrane cleansed and healed, breath sweetened, smell, taste and hearing restored and ravages checked. Cough, Bronchitis, Droppings into the Throat, Pains in the Chest, Dyspepsia, Wasting of Strength and Flesh, Loss of Sleep, etc., cured. One bottle Radical Cure, one box Catarrhal Solvent and one Dr. Sanford's Inhaler, in one package, of all druggists, for \$1. Ask for SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE. WEEKS & POTTER, Boston.

#### COVERINGS FOR STEAM PIPES, ETC.

WE took occasion, a few weeks since, to call the attention of our readers to the advanced position occupied by the J. W. JOHNS MANUFACTURING COMPANY of this city in the matter of non-conducting covering for steam-pipes, boilers, etc., etc. That we were fully justified in doing this is manifested in the fact that the above company have very recently completed large contracts for the following named parties: Church & Co., Greenpoint; D. L. & W. B. Co., at Hoboken and Kingsland; Morris & Cummings Dredging Company; Pennsylvania Railroad Company's new ferries at Baltimore and Chicago; Hotel Brandon, Park Avenue; United States New Barge Office; J. Ellis & Co., Edgewater, N. J.; Orange Water-works, Orange, N. J.; Eagle Pencil Company, city, and many others.

If you want a complete family newspaper, giving all the news in readable, condensed, attractive form; full of entertaining and instructive matter for every member of the household, with stories, sketches, housekeeping, farming, veterinary and market departments, send One Dollar for one year's subscription to the NEW YORK WEEKLY WORLD, World Building, New York.

#### HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE

Is a preparation of the phosphates of lime, magnesia, potash and iron in such form as to be readily assimilated by the system. Descriptive pamphlet sent free. RUMFORD CHEMICAL WORKS, Providence, R. I.

FREE SPECIMEN COPIES OF THE "AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST"—It will be seen from the advertisement elsewhere in this issue that anyone can have a specimen number of the *American Agriculturist*, the unparalleled Farm and Home Journal of the world, by simply sending a three-cent stamp for postage to the publishers. This paper, over forty years old, contains 1,000 illustrations and 2,000 columns of reading matter annually. Subscriptions can begin at any time, as every number is complete in itself. Address, ORANGE JUDD CO., 751 Broadway, New York.

#### PREMATURE LOSS OF THE HAIR

May be entirely prevented by the use of BURNETT'S COCAINE. Housekeepers should insist upon obtaining BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS; they are the best.

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#### Thirty-fifth Annual Report OF THE

## Penn Mutual Life INSURANCE COMPANY, OF PHILADELPHIA.

Net Assets, December 31, 1881..... \$7,314,655.03  
Receipts during the year:  
For Premiums..... \$1,358,136.62  
For Interest..... 460,767.31—1,818,903.92  
\$9,133,558.95

#### DISBURSEMENTS.

Claims by death..... \$468,756.04  
Matured Endowments..... 62,932.00  
Surrendered Policies..... 91,726.22  
Cash and Note Dividends..... 287,294.51  
Re-insurance..... 6,894.99

Total paid policy-holders.. \$920,602.76  
Taxes and Legal Expenses... 33,183.52  
Salaries, Medical fees and Office Expenses..... 78,154.91  
Commissions to Agents, Rents, etc..... 115,907.40  
Agency and other Expenses.. 65,655.99  
Advertising, Printing, Supplies..... 17,636.01  
Fire Insurance, Office Furniture, etc..... 7,649.93—1,238,790.52

Net Assets, January 1, 1883..... \$7,894,734.43

#### ASSETS.

Philadelphia and other City Loans, R. R. and Water Bonds, Bank and other Stocks..... \$3,650,554.40  
Mortgages and Ground Rents..... 2,043,431.90  
Premium Notes secured by Policies, etc.. 665,876.78  
Loans on Collaterals, etc..... 640,867.00  
Home Office and Real Estate bought to secure Loans..... 829,778.53  
Cash in Trust Companies and on hand... 64,229.82

Net Ledger Assets as above..... \$7,894,734.43  
Net Incurred and Unreported Premiums.. 1,027,325.25  
Interest due and accrued..... 2,634  
Market Value of Stocks, etc., over cost.... 392,365.60

Gross assets, January 1, 1883..... \$8,483,807.72

#### LIABILITIES.

Losses reported, but not due.. \$165,634.07  
Reserve at 4 per cent. to re-insure risks..... 6,854,849.00  
Surplus on Life End'ts etc., and General Surplus, 4 per cent basis..... 1,463,324.65 \$8,483,807.72

Surplus at 4 1/2 per cent., Pennsylvania Standard (estimated)..... \$1,809,462.65  
Number of policies in force..... 14,972  
Amount of Insurance in force..... \$38,194,522  
Number of policies issued in 1882..... 2,634  
Amount insured in 1882..... \$6,495,480

SAMUEL C. HUEY, President  
EDWARD M. NEEDLES, Vice-President  
H. S. STEPHENS, 2d Vice-President  
JESSE J. BARKER, Actuary.  
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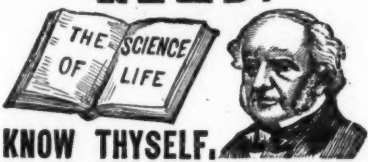
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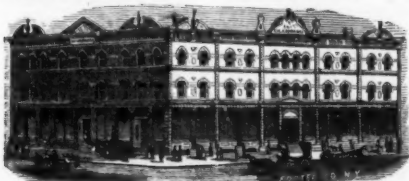
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